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In Memory of
Denzil Hollis Taylor





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DENZIL HOLLIS TAYLOR



Denzil H. Taylor

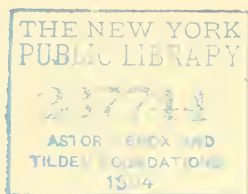
In Memory of
Denzil Hollis Maylor

1877-1902



Denzil's Home.

Boston, Massachusetts
Privately Printed, 1902



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INTRODUCTION

WHEN those we love pass from our mortal sight and care, we cherish aught that was associated with the loved one and that tends to bring him once more to our thoughts; even though it be but some simple token, perhaps but a faded flower. Most of all do we dwell with lingering fondness upon those traits of character and those worthy deeds that made him dear to us.

It is this feeling that has led his father and mother to collect the record of Denzil's short life in a somewhat systematic form, in order that they may ever have it before them as their most precious possession; and it is from the belief that there are some who knew and loved him, who would gladly cherish these records as a memorial of him, that we have had a few copies printed to be presented as gifts to his more intimate friends.

These records will be mainly of his work in the Philippines, for it was during that last year of his life that he occupied a position of real importance and one of independent action and initiative, thus showing more clearly his true character and what he might have done had life been spared. We present no sounding eulogy, but give the simple records as shown in

INTRODUCTION

his letters and in those of his friends. We claim no exceptional ability for our boy, but only the worthy ambition to act well his part in life. Throughout this narrative we have used his given name, for to most of those to whom this memorial volume will be presented he was familiarly known as *Denzil*.

When earthly ties are broken, so often comes the thought, or rather the intense longing, even finding expression in words: "Would that we could do something for the dear one even now!" In collecting and arranging these records it has seemed to us as if we were doing something for Denzil—helping to keep green his memory with those who knew him best—and so it has been a labor of love; and, now that the task is done, there comes the heartache that we must simply wait during the few years left us here and that we can do nothing more for him who was our all in life.

We present a copy to you, hoping that it may prove an acceptable gift; and that, as it lies on your table or rests in your bookcase, it may, as the years go by, sometimes bring back pleasant memories of him whom you knew and loved.

HIS FATHER AND HIS MOTHER.

EX VINCULIS



EX VINCULIS

To D. H. T.

No star-led dreamer wasted by the fire
Of hopeless longing, passion ill controlled:
No follower of vain phantoms, whose desire
Was bent on distant planets, far and cold;
But one to whom the wrongs of earth were clear,
Who saw the pinchbeck that we plate with gold
Yet loved his fellows with a love sincere.

Mayhap the sun of boyhood never rose
With raptured glory o'er his well-loved hills,
Mayhap he dreamed not then the joy that glows
For them who cope unarmed with giant ills;
But when the summons came his heart beat true,
His brain was keen, and all the joy, that fills
The soul with lofty purpose, then he knew.

And now beyond the setting of the sun
An island people mourn their faithful friend.
Too soon cut off! Too soon his work was done!
Yet mourn not, ye who loved him, for his end,
And break not, hearts, though now bereft and
lone;

His ripening years of patient toil shall send
Their garnered riches when God's truth is
known.

GORDON HALL GEROULD.



BIOGRAPHY

BIOGRAPHY

DENZIL HOLLIS TAYLOR, son of Edwin H. and Mary (Payne) Taylor, was born in Labette County, Kansas, August 7, 1877. When he was between two and three years old his mother died, and soon after his father returned with him to his native state, New Hampshire, and August 7, 1881, married Emigene L. Evleth of Peterboro, who, through the remaining years of Denzil's life, gave him a mother's care, and in its fullest measure a mother's devoted love.

His school work was seriously interrupted in his ninth and tenth years by weak eyes, and it was feared that he might have to give up his studies altogether; but, his eyes having become stronger, he was able to go on, and at the age of fifteen entered the Sophomore class of Cushing Academy.

Here he spent three happy and profitable years. In the Greenwood family at "Hillside Lodge," he was received with such kindly cordiality that he soon came to think of it as a second home. Of Mrs. Greenwood's motherly care and advice, and of Miss Greenwood's guiding direction and encouragement in his studies, he always gave grateful expression.

While in Cushing, he was a member of the

Polymnian Society. Since his death this society has honored him by hanging in their hall an enlarged photograph. On a silver plate, attached to the frame, is the following inscription: "While freeing others, he was by death set free."

When Denzil first went to Cushing, he met, as a classmate, Gordon Gerould. These two boys were probably first drawn to each other from the fact that their fathers had been playmates and schoolmates some forty or fifty years before. They were in time nicknamed "The Twins" by their schoolmates, such inseparable companions had they become; and this, too, despite the fact that in tastes, talents, and temperament they were very unlike—indeed, almost opposites. Gordon's tastes were literary and poetic, Denzil's mechanical and practical; Gordon's world was in books, Denzil's was in affairs. Their intimacy and unlikeness are rather neatly expressed in a letter from Gordon, which he closes in the following words:

Be good and I'll see you sometime, my *alter ego et dissimiliter ipse*.

Your brother twin,

GORDON.

The Latinity of this rollicking expression of comradeship, Gordon's riper scholarship might question; but the sentiment is genuine

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with boyhood's warm blood. When they left Cushing they drifted apart; Gordon to win honors at Dartmouth, and a scholarship which meant opportunity for study abroad, and the winning the coveted degree of Bachelor of Letters, while Denzil delved through the rigid course in Technology and was busy in the world of men and affairs. And now that Denzil has gone to his last rest, Gordon places an appreciative poetic wreath upon his grave.

After graduating from Cushing, he entered, in the fall of 1895, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. During the first year he lived at Cambridge, with Mrs. Agnes Wheeler of Peterboro; and, under her kind care and in the companionship of her boys, enjoyed much of the home life for which he always longed.

When the time came for specialization, he chose the course in civil engineering, in which course he graduated in the class of 1899.

A few weeks after graduation, he secured a position as draughtsman and assistant in the Continental Filter Company of New York City. Late in the fall of the same year he accepted an offer from the Vermont Marble Company of Proctor and Rutland, Vt.

That his services were highly appreciated in both these places, we have the following ample evidence. A few months after he left the Continental Filter Company, a telegraphic dispatch

came to him, saying, "Wire us at once the terms on which you will return to our service."

During the time that he was connected with the Vermont Marble Company, he was rapidly promoted from the position of a mere assistant, to the oversight and care of the machinery of the seven or eight marble mills of the company, situated in West and Center Rutland. When his father and mother were visiting him in Rutland, Hon. Fletcher Proctor, the president of the company, said to them, "If your son chooses to remain with us, there is no position in the company that he may not eventually reach; for there is none too good for him."

In a letter from S. A. Howard, general superintendent at West and Center Rutland, occurs the following passage: "I would like to have you with us again, for the work always moved along smoothly and I enjoyed having you about."

In the summer of 1900, Denzil received from Dr. George T. Winston, President of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of North Carolina, an offer of a position in that institution as Instructor of Civil Engineering. This position he would have been glad to accept, had he not been bound by his promise to stay during the year with the Vermont Marble Company.

When the year closed, the company offered him a substantial increase in his salary if he

would promise to stay during the next year. He was unwilling to make this promise and so cut himself off from any openings that might present themselves during the year.

Soon after, he received a letter from Prof. Swain, who is at the head of the civil engineering department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, advising him of an opening in the Government service in the Philippines, and asking if he would not like to make application for it.

Denzil's home instincts and affections were peculiarly strong, and it was not easy for him to decide in such an emergency to separate himself from that home by the world's semi-circumference; but he had the ambition of every worthy young man for wider service and higher position. Doubtless the spirit of adventure so common to the young was an important factor; moreover, the wish to see distant lands and strange scenes, to fathom the mysteries of other civilizations and races, all these led him on, and, most potent of all, the thought that it was only for a comparatively short time. Three years would bring him home again, with mind broadened and enriched by the varied experiences of a novel and somewhat adventurous career, with a wider acquaintance with men and affairs, and a fund of reminiscences that would make richer his entire life.

He accordingly made application for the position, and through the recommendation of Prof. Swain and Hon. Fletcher Proctor, and the influence of Senator Redfield Proctor, he received the appointment June 18, 1901, with directions to report to Gen. Long at San Francisco, July 1.

This left him but a few days to make hurried preparations and to visit and bid good-bye to some of his more intimate friends. Upon reaching San Francisco, he found that the steamer on which he was to sail was delayed and would not sail until July 10. This gave him ample leisure to study San Francisco and its environs.

Upon the steamer, the *Buford*, sailed eighteen other engineers with appointments similar to that which Denzil held, who were to be assigned to different provinces upon arrival at Manila. Besides these engineers, there were several school-teachers, a number of army officers, and the families of officers already in the Philippines.

In such an assemblage there was no lack of congenial companionship; and, although the *Buford* was rather a slow boat, yet time did not hang heavily upon his hands, for, besides the many modes of recreation always devised in such a company, Denzil spent much of his time in studying Spanish, so as to be the better fitted

for the coming duties among the Spanish-speaking people of the Philippines.

For the purpose of repairs on the machinery the *Buford* remained ten days at Honolulu, and thus there was opportunity for exploration in the island of Oahu—that “wonderland,” as he calls it. The steamer touched at Guam and reached Manila August 17. Here he remained ten days, much of the time being spent on the *Arethusa*, enjoying the genial hospitality of Capt. Seccombe.

He was assigned to the province of Ilocos Norte, situated in the extreme northwest of Luzon, facing upon the China Sea. He was pleased with the appointment, and always maintained that his lot was cast in the most favored province of the archipelago, both as respects climate and character of its people. He left Manila August 27, and arrived at Laoag, the capital of Ilocos Norte, September 2.

Leaving the record of his life there to be gleaned from his letters and from accounts given by his intimate friends, we merely glance here at the one feature of the task that confronted him of which he had no expectation, and for which he had made no preparation, but which proved to be his greatest service, and the one which was to show in clearest colors his true character.

The control and government of the province

was put into the hands of the Provincial Board, composed of three members. Two of these members were John N. Currie, Treasurer of the Province, and Denzil H. Taylor, Provincial Supervisor. It became incumbent upon these two young Americans to rule the province according to American ideals, even though in doing so they were compelled very often to oppose the third member of the Board, the Governor, with his Spanish and Filipino ideals and traditions.

As most repugnant to American ideals, they found certain time-honored customs in vogue that made the great mass of the people slaves, in fact even if not in name, of the wealthy and official classes, both Filipino and American. The difficulties that Denzil encountered, and the unpopularity that he incurred in his attempts to ferret out and overthrow these systems of oppression, are well set forth in the account of his work by his friend Edmonds.

Perhaps it is not easy to realize what the taking up of this task meant to him. In the first place, he might have pleaded that he came to the Philippines as an engineer, not as a social or political reformer; and if wrongs were to be righted others should at least take the lead, and so have shifted the burden from his conscience. The opposition that he met at the outset from nearly all whose opinions would naturally ap-

peal to him most strongly might well have given him pause. Many if not most of the Americans—army officers, teachers and others, and all the wealthy and leading natives, including Aguido Agbayani, the Filipino Governor—were strenuous advocates for the maintenance of the existing order.

Again, it would have been so easy to have simply shut his eyes, and to have known little or nothing about these wrongs. The oppressed natives would have never dared to bring in complaints; it was found very difficult, even by urging, to get them to testify at first, so great was their distrust and timidity. Self-interest—though we may well believe no such mercenary thought ever entered his mind—might have pleaded for inaction. As one of the favored official classes he would have received his own supplies for a nominal price, and so have been enriched by the spoils wrung from the poor.

Frequent regret is expressed in his letters of inability to forward public improvements as he would like, on account of lack of funds. This inability might have been largely overcome had he been willing to have had a horde of unpaid serfs driven to the task.

In spite of all these influences drawing so powerfully to ease, inaction, and profit, Denzil seems not to have hesitated for a moment.

The third letter, written home after reaching Laoag, tells of investigations into these wrongs, and thereafter the allusions to them are frequent and emphatic.

Denzil's high ideal was absolute justice to the Filipino, and that we should have wrung the islands from Spain with many an expression of scorn for her tyrannical methods, and with many a high-sounding phrase of good-will and of "benevolent assimilation," only to continue those same tyrannical methods, and to exploit the simple natives for the benefit of a swarm of American adventurers and Filipino favorites—all this was inexpressibly abhorrent to every fiber of his nature. In a letter to a friend he expressed the thought that the only right that the Americans have in the islands is that they may uplift "the little brown brother."

In the course of his investigations he came across some strange incidents. The following is a sample: A few weeks before he reached Ilocos Norte, Governor Taft, accompanied by his staff and various members of the Commission, had, in the course of a tour of the islands, come to Laoag. Here they were received by the authorities with the customary ovation. Cannon boomed, flags waved, bands of music blared a welcome, a school-boy of twelve years was put forward to declaim of the glories of the American flag and the blessings of American

freedom; and at last there was a splendid banquet, the material for which had been collected by *forced contribution from the poor natives*.

Denzil had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and if this whole scene, fringed around as he might well imagine it by the plundered serfs crouching in the shadows beyond, hearing the echoes as the glories of American freedom were applauded, and then seeing their own scanty provisions devoured by the feasting revelers—if this did not appeal most powerfully to that sense of the ludicrous, it could only have been because his indignation overpowered it.

Of course it is not to be supposed that Governor Taft, or those accompanying him, knew of the means taken to furnish the material for the festive occasion; but the incident is very illuminating of what may happen in that far-away dependency, even under the flapping wings of the American eagle.

Denzil's duties kept him mostly in an active, outdoor life, and hardly a letter came home that did not speak of a horseback trip to some outlying town on a tour of inspection. On these trips he was often accompanied by his friend, William Edmonds, who was looking after the interests of the schools; and thus grew up that intimacy that only ended with his life.

This free outdoor life, with its unrestrained intercourse with all classes, was very congenial

to him, nor did he object to the load of responsibility placed upon him, if we may judge from the tenor of his letters. Almost every letter ended with the cheering words, "I am well and happy." Although he sometimes referred to the deprivations incident to the semi-civilization of the country, it was never to complain. The only note of discontent in his letters was that from the lack of funds he could do so little in the way of public improvement.

In the spring of 1902 he received an increase of funds, and immediately began to push forward improvements. He says in one letter, "I am now leading the strenuous life; I wear the natives out—they cannot keep up with me." Again, "I have to furnish the motive power; everything lags when I am away."

It is probable that his anxiety to get as much done as possible before the rainy season caused him to expose himself too freely to the heat of that tropical climate, and brought on the debility that resulted in a partial prostration during the month of July and an attack of fever about the first of August. From this he rallied and considered himself almost well, and hoped soon to take up his work again. August 12th he wrote a cheerful letter home, but it was his last.

At about 5 P.M., August 13, there appeared unmistakable symptoms of cholera. All night long, his faithful friend, William Edmonds,

stood by his side or held his hand, as he passed through the valley of the shadow of death, and at 4 A.M., August 14, he breathed his last.

Later in the day, alone, except for the presence of the grave-digger and a solitary policeman—so great was the dread of the scourge—the same brave and faithful friend stood by his open grave, and read the Episcopal burial service. So, laid to rest with that touching service which has been the sole requiem of so many thousands who have fallen by sea and land in the world's exploration and civilization, he lies amid those in whose service he gave his life.

Denzil's character was simple and transparent. His keen perception of the ludicrous kept him from all affectations, and made him quick to discern them in others. His ever-present sense of humor kept his life bright and cheerful; yet, as with all natures not wholly shallow, there came the sobering times when the deep things of life and destiny fill the whole horizon. His dislike of gush and affectation was sometimes carried to an extreme, which led him to discount honest enthusiasms and genuine poetic rhapsody. Yet he often felt a real admiration for that to which his habit of mind and speech did not give expression; a fact which many of his friends knew, and which is expressed in a letter from Gordon Gerould, who says, "I walk a good deal, and I wish that you could be here to

go, too, over these hills and valleys, to see the magnificent autumn colors, to hear my rhapsodies with outward dissent and inward sympathy as of yore."

In his chosen profession and in the management and control of men, Denzil claimed, and was proud in claiming, a power and efficiency; but he knew his limitations and was apt to distrust his powers in other directions. To one suggesting that he should take notes in the Philippines, and perhaps write a book about the islands upon his return, his quiet answer was, "No, that is not in my line. I have no ambition to be known except as an engineer."

The bent of his mind was strongly in the direction of the practical and useful. A curious instance of the power of these factors in arousing his interest and testing his powers, is seen in the matter of learning a language. In his school-days he did not like the study of the languages, either ancient or modern; and, as a matter of course, did not excel in them. They seemed to him of little practical importance. When he went to the Philippines all this was changed. Here it was a matter of great practical utility to know the Spanish language. Now, instead of being a laggard, he became one of the aptest of scholars and soon was acting as interpreter for others, many of whom had been there much longer than he.

He was somewhat proud of this, and sometimes mentions it in his letters as a matter for which he received frequent praise. He says in one letter: "When in school the languages seemed so useless, and somehow I got the idea that they were hard; but now that I have use for it, the learning Spanish is as easy as it is to look through a machine." And again, with a sly dig at his old Latin teacher, "Tell Miss Greenwood that the reason that I was such a dunce in the languages at school must have been because I wasn't taught right." In addition to the Spanish, which he mastered so soon after reaching the province, he was able, before the year was out, to make himself understood in the native dialect of the Ilocanos.

Denzil had an intense love of home and of the simple country life of the New Hampshire hills. City life had little attraction for him, and, as soon as his vacations came, nothing could keep him for an hour from home, which he used to enter with that quick, springy, eager step that we came to know so well. One winter's night when he was in Rutland, and when we had no thought of his coming, a step sounded on the piazza, and before he could burst in upon us his mother exclaimed, "That's Denzil's step."

Never was he so happy as when, with his chosen companions, he was roving over the hills

of Peterboro, camping by Thorndike Lake, or climbing Monadnock. In the last letter that the dear boy ever wrote occurs a passage which, in connection with his impending death, has a deep pathos. Most of the letter was about home, for he had doubtless so longed for it during the weary weeks of sickness.

After recounting his various ailments, he says: "About three weeks ago came a raging fever—was out of my head but one night, but then I was at home. I woke up in my old room at home over the sitting-room. It was a summer morning—the sun was just coming up—the birds singing—the wind blowing through the trees and over the grass. I thought it the finest place I had ever seen—*and it is.*"

THE ETERNAL MYSTERY

THE ETERNAL MYSTERY

WITH aching hearts we long to know
The eternal mystery
Of realms where the peaceful waters flow,
And the verdant pastures be.

We long to "touch the vanished hand,"
To hear his voice once more;
To see him now as he doth stand
Upon the viewless shore.

Oh, Love that paints the lily's cup
And notes the sparrow's fall,
Oh, "Power that bears creation up,"
Who art the All in All;

Our dear one rests within Thy care,
His life we may not see:
We only know, where'er they fare,
His steps are led by Thee.

Far better than our wisest thought
Or than our fondest dream,
The eternal plan of God is wrought:
His love—the love supreme.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

A MEMORIAL SERMON

*Delivered by Rev. W. H. BRANIGAN, at
Peterboro, N. H., August 24, 1902.*

DENZIL H. TAYLOR

“He being made perfect in a short time, fulfilled a long time.”—*Wisdom of Solomon*, 4:13.

THERE are two views of life which stand over against each other in striking contrast. One is that shallow, superficial view which takes into consideration only its length. In this first conception it is the multiplication of days, and weeks, and months, and years which give to life its worth and value. To live out the full measure of old age; to shun death as the most dreadful event that can happen to a human being, and consequently to delay it as long as possible: such must inevitably be the chief object and desire of every one who looks at existence merely in this prudential way.

Another view of life, however, and a far nobler one, is that conception of it which makes not length but depth, not quantity but quality, the thing of main importance. Into such a view of life the thought of time scarcely enters

at all. It is not the attenuated life but the full life that counts. Some measure of length there must be in every life, of course, or there would be no such thing as existence itself. But length of life, after all, is not its chief proportion. That is the point. It is simply the means to a higher end. To be sure, the stream must have length; but, when you come to think of it, the length of the stream is really the thing of least value; it is its width and depth and fulness which give to it those serviceable characteristics which constitute its true worth.

And so with a human life: the question is not whether a man has lived twenty or fifty or a hundred years in this world, but rather whether by living deeply, unselfishly, grandly, in the employment of all his talents and opportunities, he has made good use of the time—be it long or short—which Providence has allotted to him; whether, in the words of the psalmist, he has so numbered his days as to apply his heart unto wisdom.

In nothing, perhaps, generally speaking, has humanity failed to distinguish as between these two views; namely, of mere existence, on the one hand, as measured solely by time; and, on the other hand, of life itself as measured by honorable service. And yet, both in the Bible and in the world's best literature outside the Bible, this distinction is made. Some of you

may recall the passage in Sir Walter Scott's "Old Mortality":

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

I quote again from a poem of Philip James Bailey:

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not
breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs.
He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

And still again, we are all familiar with Tennyson's significant line in "Locksley Hall":

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of
Cathay.

Here is the thought that glows and develops in the Bible itself. True, there is in the earlier pages the other conception of the desirableness of a long life considered in itself: "Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." But more and more, as religion

takes on its highest and best significance, do we find that grander conception of life which takes account of its content rather than its extent predominating, until it culminates in the profound phrase of Jesus, "Eternal life," life which is no longer measured by time.

It is instructive, therefore, to turn back to the Apocrypha—that interesting book which comes between the Old and New Testament—and which by very virtue of this peculiar position seems to belong to the Bible and to the literature outside the Bible both, and find this same idea set forth in its pages.

The entire chapter from which our text is taken is one prolonged note of praise in recognition of this distinction between a merely long life and a truly noble and useful, though short, one. "For honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time," says the context, "nor that is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the gray hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age. . . . Thus the righteous that is dead shall condemn the ungodly which are living; and youth that is soon perfected the many years and old age of the unrighteous." That is the philosophy of its teaching. And then come the words of our text: "He being made perfect in a short time, fulfilled a long time."

What are we to understand by that? Surely

not that the writer is here picturing an absolutely perfect youth; but that he has in mind rather, to use Samuel's fine phrase concerning Saul, "a choice young man"—a man who in the brief years of opening manhood, when so many men have scarcely begun to live, had worthily completed his earthly mission and gone to his reward. It is as if he were to say, Though he met with what we are apt to call an untimely end, yet his was really the enduring life because it was the truly manly life. "He being made perfect in a short time, fulfilled a long time."

If this is a correct interpretation of our text, surely we have not far to look for illustrations in application of its truth. It is only necessary to turn to the vast realm of biography to find them everywhere. The world of art, of literature, of education, of society, of religion and humanity has been largely built up by men whose years have been of brief duration, but the glory of whose lives has been that they have accomplished so much in so short a time.

Think of Shelley, the poet, one of the most beautiful spirits as well as one of the most gifted geniuses, producing all his wonderful works of imagination before the age of thirty, at which he died. Think of Byron at thirty-six, and Keats at twenty-five, and the boy Chatterton at eighteen, all numbered among the world's immortals. Think of Schubert, that master musician of

whom it has been said, "There never has been one like him and there never will be another," closing his earthly career at the age of thirty-one. Think of Emmet, the Irish patriot, going to his death at twenty-five, but leaving behind him an imperishable name and influence in the history of his race. Think of Frederic Robertson, of England, revolutionizing the religious thought of his time and passing on to his reward while yet in early manhood. How many, many lives that have been spared longer to the world have accomplished infinitely less than these, of whom it might be truly said that, having been made perfect in a short time, they fulfilled a long time.

But we must not stop here. The lives of those whom I have named were the lives of geniuses, and such lives are always rare. Let us take as a better illustration for our purpose this morning the moral and spiritual lives of men who have not been geniuses—just ordinary, plain men, doing their humble duty as God has revealed it to them, and yet into whose work that element of heroic self-sacrifice and loyalty to an ideal has entered which is the essential quality of all true living, and which has crowned their lives, however brief, with an immortal halo.

Take the soldier as a very striking illustration of what I mean. Nothing is more thrill-

ing, I think; nothing makes one believe more thoroughly in the things which are unseen and eternal than the readiness—nay: the eagerness even—with which the choicest young men of a nation such as ours offer themselves as a sacrifice for the ideal of patriotism; not counting even life itself dear if they may but lay it down for their country's sake. Think of the generous, true-hearted youth who have deliberately and resolutely put behind them the fondest dreams of early manhood, and with everything to live for, themselves have died to save others! Could any sacrifice be more foolish and wicked if the meaning of life is measured by its length? Could anything be more truly glorious, on the other hand, if the test of noble living is to be found in the honorable service of humanity?

It may not be the warrior, however, amid the excitement of the battle-field; it may be the Christian soldier, meeting death as bravely in the calm pursuit of his daily calling as does his brother facing the cannon's mouth, who stirs our deepest reverence and admiration. The young physician who sacrifices himself for his patient; the young fireman who perishes in his noble work of saving the lives and property of others; the strong, brave young swimmer who, counting not the cost, plunges into the swift current to save another and is lost himself in the attempt; the youthful missionary who suffers

martyrdom for the cause of Christ; the youthful reformer who dies in order that the truth may live and flourish; all these are types of the genuine life of whose possessor we may say in the words of our text, "He being made perfect in a short time, fulfilled a long time."

Of course the supreme example of this highest type of moral character, whose glory is revealed in willing self-surrender to a worthy ideal, is met with in the life of Jesus himself. Think of it! Here was a young man of thirty-three who, after long preparation for his work, in less than three years from the time he entered upon it, sacrificed his life upon the cross in unflinching devotion to his mission. And yet what, under the circumstances, were his last words? Hear him: "It is finished". "I glorified Thee on the earth, having accomplished the work Thou hast given me to do." "But for this cause came I unto this hour." "To this end have I been born, and to this end am I come into the world that I should be a witness unto the truth."

Strange, incomprehensible, meaningless words, friends, if life is the comfortable, self-indulgent existence merely of the worldly man: but the noblest, most significant words ever uttered by human lips, if the Gospel of Christ is trustworthy and true life is that eternal life which he came to teach and which transcends the bounds of time and sense.

MEMORIAL SERMON

May we not take all this which I have said this morning then—about life and its deeper lessons—and apply it to him of whom we are all thinking, as we turn aside from our usual devotions to-day to unite in this service to his memory.

I need not take time to repeat to you the outward details of his life. You are familiar with the story of his birth and education, of his leaving home but little more than one short year ago to pursue his chosen profession in a distant land, and the news of his sudden taking off which spread from lip to lip and filled all hearts with sadness. These facts are all familiar, alas! too familiar, to you.

Most of you knew him better than I knew him, yet I doubt if many of you who knew him best imagined the real strength of purpose and character of this unassuming yet single-minded, right-hearted youth, which the circumstances of the last year of his life revealed. For see what happened! In entering upon the special duties of his profession, he found another confronting him. It was the task of the reformer.

Here was an iniquitous system of slavery which enabled the rich and official classes to oppress the poorer and less fortunate. And to the work of righting that wrong—with all the zeal and determination which in the days of the anti-slavery crusade in America characterized a

youthful Garrison or Parker or Wendell Phillips, he gave himself with heart and mind and strength.

"This is slavery: the thing must go."—"These people have been terribly ground down, and it is hard for them even now to realize that we mean to treat them differently."—"The people are slowly beginning to realize that we are trying to treat them justly, and to thank us for it."—"The poor people often come to me and express their gratitude, and confide in me as they do not in others."—"The rich people seem to blame me for the slaves they have lost, but I shall take my way just the same." Such are some of his glowing sentences, not intended for the public eye, least of all written for the purpose of self-glorification; but opening his heart in his intimate letters to the dear ones at home and thereby, almost unconsciously perhaps, revealing that best side of his nature which I am told he was so little in the habit of displaying even to his closest associates.

My friends, I am not here for the purpose of pronouncing any eulogy of my own. Every honest, noble, useful life in this world speaks for itself; and no carefully worded panegyric uttered by priestly lips nor flattering words of praise chiselled upon the costliest marble monument can add so much as a single ray of luster to a good man's name. And yet I ask you to

ponder these words of his which I have quoted; I ask you to compare them with the utterances of those reformers whose deeds have been considered worthy to be recorded in history, and see if they do not ring true to the heart of a true man whose aspiration was the highest desire that can inspire any human life, namely, the desire to accomplish some good in the world.

Here then was a young man fully equipped for the work of life and with everything apparently to live for, under the service of the home Government in a distant land, giving himself as enthusiastically as any reformer for the good of humanity. Truly, in his case, were the words of the Master fulfilled: "He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

It is idle for any of us to speculate now upon what "might have been" had he lived longer. We only know that in his brief career he evinced those qualities of mind and heart which constitute the elements of true greatness; that he made the most of his opportunities—and is there any sweeter consolation for us who mourn his loss than this: namely, the memory of a noble life sacrificed in a just cause?

Looking back upon the years of careful preparation which he made for a career whose activities were so soon to end, some might indeed say that all his education was lost. But I cannot

see it in that light; I look at it just the other way. The end was worthy of the means. The result could have been accomplished in no other way. The good done demanded the price paid.

And I can conceive no greater blessing issuing out of such a life and such a death as this which we have been contemplating this morning, than that it should rouse to worthy action the youth of others. Would to God its message might reach the young men of this village and of our whole land, who, without any ideal before them or any serious purpose whatever, are squandering in selfish ease and indulgence the days of youth, and are drifting heedlessly on to an old age of uselessness and dishonor! Oh, young men, be somebody; do something, get something done in this world—even though you sacrifice your lives in doing it—for God and for your fellowman!

“A long life and a secure one,” says the coward, the selfish man, the man who has never risen above the world of flesh and sense. With him the whole worth of human existence is measured by its length of years on earth.

“A short life and a merry one,” says the prodigal; and through days and nights of reckless dissipation he squanders in idle pleasures God’s precious gifts of time and opportunity.

“A rich life, a deep life, a full life,” so speaks the true man; a life of character, of moral pur-

pose, of devotion to high ideals. And to that man it matters little really whether life—reckoned by days—be long or short; for the abounding life which he lives is the eternal life which does not end here, but still persists beyond the grave.

Such, friends, was the life we hold in loving memory to-day.

THE IDEAL CUSHING STUDENT

Abstract of an Address given in the Cushing Academy Chapel, Sunday Evening, Sept.

14, 1902, by Principal H. S. COWELL.

ABSTRACT truth makes but little impression upon us. When it becomes incarnate it influences us powerfully. We may define patriotism as "love of country," but we know not its real meaning until we witness one surrendering his life for the flag. The mother's sacrifices for her child reveals the nature and power of love more than eloquent speech exalting its beauty. We are stirred to noble deeds by the recital of the heroic deeds of the great and good of the past.

While history furnishes illustrious examples for the inspiration of youth—I love to bring before the members of this school for your encouragement the worthy lives of many of our graduates—those who have toiled within these walls and have passed through the same experiences, met the same difficulties and temptations that you are now meeting. They have grown strong by overcoming, and have rendered valuable service to the world.

The Ideal Cushing Student has had many

shining illustrations. The Ideal, in the sense I use it, does not mean a perfect or complete character, but one the main currents of whose life are moving in the right direction, whose characteristics are worthy of praise and emulation. Such an illustration is found in the life of one whose earthly work has just ended. The sad intelligence comes to us that Denzil H. Taylor, Cushing Class of 1895, has fallen a victim to the cholera in the far-away Philippine Islands.

To our limited human wisdom his death seems most untimely, for after a period of thorough preparation, he had entered upon a career that gave promise of large and increasing usefulness. Though dead, he speaks through my lips to you. There are many things in his life that we love to recall.

(1) His sunny disposition. Again I can seem to see the merry twinkle in his eye, and hear his ringing laughter at some happy allusion, pointed joke or humorous story. Such natures are a blessing to the circles in which they move. They radiate good cheer that dispels care as the sunlight drives away the clouds. To be of good cheer is a duty, even though work is hard and burdens heavy. The world needs the stimulating courage that is imparted by bright and hopeful natures.

(2) Hard work was to him the royal road to success. He did not gain knowledge by bril-

liant intuition. What he obtained was the result of earnest and sustained effort. He was not satisfied with a smattering of the subjects studied, but sought to thoroughly master their principles. Before him was a definite goal, and towards it he moved steadily by hard, painstaking labor. After completing the course of study in this Academy he entered the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, from which he was honorably graduated. On the basis of his creditable record there, he was offered and accepted an excellent position. His skill and fidelity won promotion. In the Government service he was winning laurels when he was promoted to the higher, but unseen service. It is another illustration of the old story—so hard for the young student to learn, and yet so necessary—that only those who are “faithful in that which is least” will have larger trusts committed to their hands; that the rewards of scholarship and the prizes of life are not for the fitful and shiftless, though brilliant students, but for those who are willing to pay the price by patient, thorough, and long-continued toil.

(3) His keen sense of honor and love of justice. Meanness he despised. Deceit was foreign to his nature. His teachers felt no hesitation in leaving him alone with an examination paper, nor did they doubt his statements. In school-life there are so many temptations to gain

an advantage by evasions or deceit, to worship smartness, though it be tainted with hypocrisy, that it is one of the greatest joys of a teacher's life to find pupils in whose sincerity and honesty he feels absolute confidence. These are the strong foundations of a manly character and are the sure prophecy of a worthy life in the world that lies beyond the school. We feel that the future of the youth is safe who aims to be strictly honest with himself and others in word, thought, and deed.

(4) His service to others. The thoughts of youth are naturally self-centered. They are so occupied with the training for their life-work, with ambitions and aspirations for personal advancement, that the sense of social obligation is but slightly felt. To many—even in mature life—the world's need appeals in vain.

Mr. Taylor had hardly entered upon his work in a distant country, when he became aware that the poor and ignorant people about him were the victims of a system of extortion and cruelty that was nothing less than slavery. He might have done his appointed work, drawn his salary, and ignored these conditions. But his love of justice would not allow him to turn a deaf ear to the mute appeals of this enslaved people.

His soul burned with indignation. He resolved that this iniquitous system should cease.

At the risk of incurring the hatred and persecution of those high in authority he espoused the cause of the oppressed, brought about a radical change that won for him the lasting gratitude and admiration of a people freed from bondage.

It was a great work for a young man to accomplish and revealed the same spirit that animated Garrison, Phillips, and Lincoln. It was a heroic service and a fitting crown to his useful life. To render service to humanity, to lift our fellowmen to higher levels is the richest fruit of school training. To inspire youth to render such service is the ambition of this school. "Untimely death," did I say? "He lives long who answers life's great ends," for "We live in deeds not years."

Mrs. Browning truly says:

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells:
The Book of Life, the shining record tells.

TO D. H. T.

TO D. H. T.

ANOTHER and another, like the flying leaves
they go,
But who hath summoned them, and where, is
not for me to know.

I saw them, and I spoke with them, a year ago
or twain,
But now their shadowed spirits come, tho'
speech they cannot gain.

I counted them as other friends, content to
pass them by;
Nor mourned them absent till the day which
summoned them to die.

But now I know their passing worth, these
voyagers of fate,
And long to be with them once more, tho'
now, alas! too late.

What lofty embassies unknown have hurried
them away?
And shall I meet with them again? What one
of us can say!

But since they died my faith grows strong in
man's eternal worth—
I hold the race as royal that could give such
spirits birth.

G. H. G.

Oct. 1, 1902.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF
FRIENDS

From the large number of letters of sympathy and appreciation that we have received, we present the following extracts from a few who knew Denzil most intimately.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF FRIENDS

*From Dr. GEORGE T. WINSTON, President of
the Agricultural and Mechanical College
of North Carolina:*

I cannot tell you how grieved and shocked I am by the news of Denzil's death in the far distant Philippines. My heart is with you tonight in your sorrow, and I feel almost as if I were with you in person; so clearly do I see you and Aunt Emigene sitting in the shadow of this great sorrow.

I always felt a strong attachment to Denzil. It seems only yesterday that I saw him at the Vermont Marble Works at Rutland; and only yesterday indeed that I played and swam with him as a sturdy, independent, ruddy-faced, fun-loving, manly little fellow, when I visited your home in Peterboro many years ago. Strange that so much strength and power—such promise of perfect fruition, should be cut off so untimely. How many thousands could better have been taken and he left to do some great work.

There was nothing about Denzil that I did not admire. I greatly liked his helping Aunt Emigene wash the dishes, prepare the vege-

tables and do other housework; as well as his sturdy independence in working in the hay-field during vacation, when home from the "Tech." This industry, independence and self-reliance were very beautiful to me who had been reared and lived in the South, where such industry and energy are too rare. I have described Denzil and his character a score of times in telling my friends South of the Yankee character.

I remember quite a talk Denzil and I had in Rutland when I tried to persuade him to settle down in Peterboro and manage the business which rests on your shoulders. His fine manners, his perfect independence, his lofty spirit—without egotism or bravado—shone forth in his quiet answer, "Yes, I might do that, but I prefer to make my own fortune." It was the spirit of the Yankee. I felt his superiority to my argument, and admired and loved him for his lofty spirit.

And now that he is gone, and his young life ended as it was just beginning, I feel the same pride in him and in his career as if he had died in a charge on the battlefield fighting for liberty and civilization. In your crushing grief it must console you to remember his many virtues. You certainly did for him all that a father could do, and he certainly developed into such a son as any father might be proud of.

His death is such a tragedy as I have rarely known. Carrie sends her love, and will write tomorrow. We had just returned from a day's trip to a mountain near by, 5,000 feet in height. We had talked of you all, and of Monadnock and of Peterboro, and recalled such happy days with you; when, as we reached the house, the letter from Henry telling us of Denzil's death struck us almost like a thunderbolt.

Waynesville, N. C., Aug. 19, 1902.

*From HELEN M. GREENWOOD, Denzil's Teacher
and Mentor:*

What is there that I can do or say of this dreadful blow that has come to you? From the shock that came to me when I was called to the telephone and told of Denzil's death, I can realize a little what it must have been to you and Mrs. Taylor when the news came. His last letter, received three weeks ago, was full of cheer. He said he was contented, well and happy, as long as things were well with you at home; and then he spoke of his present work as compared with his school days, saying that he was far happier in his responsible position than when he was a student. There will be much comfort in knowing that he liked his life, and that he worked so faithfully for all that was good and true.

There is nothing in his career to cause you anything but pride. It seems to us all as if we had lost one of the family. To me he was like a dear young brother, for the three years he lived with us made him one with us.

Gordon happens to be here and he feels the shock very keenly. Denzil had a strong hold on the affections of his friends. This morning I had a letter from Tom and he expressed deep feeling for you. He had seen it in the papers and he said, "It makes me feel terribly, although I did not know Denzil very well."

Later I hope to come up to see you. I cannot help you I know, but I loved Denzil dearly and that draws me to you both at this sad time. No one can see why such strong and useful lives go out, but it must be that he has accomplished his work even if we do not realize it.

Ashburnham, Mass., Aug. 17, 1902.

From Mrs. ADELAIDE E. GREENWOOD :

We are all very glad that you will come tomorrow to spend Sunday and Monday with us. Our home has many associations with the dear boy whom we all loved and whose death we keenly feel. The shadow that has darkened your home was felt here, and our hearts have been full of loving sympathy. Perhaps we really knew and understood Denzil better than

any besides yourselves. He shared his life with us very largely, and I saw in him the possibilities of an exceptional career.

His development was exceedingly rapid and I feel that in spite of his short life there was indeed a very exceptional development of mind, heart and character. The modesty, utter lack of self-conceit, the sterling integrity that governed all his actions are not common factors in the lives of boys as I have known them.

But we will talk of him when we can speak face to face. Be sure to come, for we all wish very much to see you, for Denzil's sake and for your own.

Ashburnham, Mass., Oct. 17, 1902.

From ELSIE TOWER:

The sad news has just reached me, and you know better than I can express the effect of such a shock. Mabel asked if I had any late news from him. If I only had. For the past two months I have watched the mails, but I realize that with his many duties I could hardly expect frequent letters; and we were too good friends to feel slighted over delay of such a nature. The feeling of comradeship between us was very strong and very dear to me. I am so proud to call him friend.

His work was a man's work, and he so

wanted to prove himself worthy of your confidence and respect. You wrote me once that the spirit of adventure was strong in him, and was in a great measure responsible for his leaving us, but his letters to me showed a nobler purpose, though doubtless the adventurous spirit was still an element. He wanted to prove himself a man, and capable of bearing a man's burden, and lifting the burden from the shoulders of those weaker than himself.

Mere business and money getting were not his ideal of a man's work in the world. The city life was too meager—he wanted the freedom of the country, where personal contact would count for much. He used so often to say, "When I have done something to help the world onward, and something to prove I am not cowardly in so doing, I shall return to my country home and settle down with quiet content." I feel that you belong to me, for Denzil always called me his "older sister" and "mother confessor," but none can ever love you as he did.

North Scituate, Mass., Aug. 20, 1902.

From ETHEL W. SABIN:

Words leave me and I am utterly helpless to express my sympathy. Never have I been so pained as I was at the news your letter bore.

Although I have never met Mrs. Taylor, I feel that I know her, for Denzil has told me so much about his childhood and always spoke so fondly of this mother. We all loved him for it.

He was indeed a noble fellow, and I counted his friendship a very rich possession. He was one that we were sure of. Mr. and Mrs. Gould have always been so interested in him, and we always enjoyed his visits to our home so much.

There was so much sturdiness in Denzil that those who did not know him well might never dream how really tender-hearted he was. I recall one night at Ashburnham. Word had come to one of the boys—little Brainard Spooner—of the death of his mother. Miss Baker and I were returning to Lowe Hall from the village; and, as it was late, we were surprised to see two boys back of the Academy. Upon drawing near we discovered it was poor little Spooner and Denzil with his arms around him, doing all that any one can at such a time to comfort. Afterward Mr. Spooner told me how good Denzil was to him.

The friends he made here in Newton often speak of him. Only the other evening we were talking of him, and recalled with pleasure his response to the toast, "The Mistletoe." It was interesting and extremely witty.

Newton Upper Falls, Sept. 4, 1902.

From DR. CHARLES WILKINS:

Your letter came to me bringing the message of Denzil's death. I cannot tell you how this fearful, unexpected news has seemed to me. It does not seem possible that Denzil has gone where I may never see him in life again.

He was so well equipped for his work, with such fine prospects and was so dear to you and Mrs. Taylor. Can any one be missed more than you will miss your boy? This letter will not tell you how I feel nor am I able to tell you.

Our last year of school life, when we roomed together, was very happy. We enjoyed it all the time and never was there the slightest word of difference between us.

Worcester, Mass., Aug. 24, 1902.

From HORACE W. KING, *Supervisor of the Province of Bohol:*

During my trip from San Francisco to Manila your son was one of my first acquaintances, and with him and Mr. Patterson I spent many pleasant and happy hours on the old *Bu-ford* during that long voyage.

Taylor was of a peculiarly cheerful disposition, and was always welcomed by the other passengers.

I was once the object of a rather amusing episode. A few days out from San Francisco,

Taylor, in the course of a conversation with Mrs. Buck, asked her if she had met Mr. King. She replied in the negative. Then Taylor attempted to describe me, and among other things said I had black hair. Mrs. Buck finally recognized who was meant, but said I didn't have black hair. Taylor said it was darker than Patterson's, but this Mrs. Buck denied. This conversation took place rather late in the evening and it happened that I had retired for the night. In order to prove his point immediately Taylor entered my room while I was asleep, cut off a lock of my hair and took it with Patterson, who was still on deck, to Mrs. Buck, and my lock was compared with the hair on Patterson's head. I believe your son lost his point, but his prompt and novel manner of attempting to prove it furnished amusement for the passengers. I was entirely ignorant of what had taken place until the next morning.

We arrived in Manila August 17, two years ago. We remained there about two weeks, and then left for our respective provinces, Taylor to the northern part of Luzon, Patterson to Leyte, and I to Bohol.

The news of your son's death came to me like a shock. It is hard to understand why it had to be; and to you, his father and mother, I wish to express the sympathy of one who was his sincere friend.

I have been in Manila about a year, and am employed upon improvements to the harbor. Patterson has been in Leyte since he first went there, but is expected to arrive in Manila soon to accept a position in the city engineer's office.

Would that there could be a reunion of the trio who crossed the Pacific together. Your son will not be forgotten by his comrades who remain.

With kindest regards and best wishes, I am
Very sincerely yours,

HORACE W. KING.

University Club, Manila, Aug. 22, 1903.

*From S. B. PATTERSON, Supervisor of the
Province of Leyte:*

My Dear Sir: As you know, a party of about twenty young engineers left San Francisco, July 10, 1901, on their way to the Philippines, to become supervisors of the several provinces.

In casting about for kindred spirits, it was not long before your son and King and myself began each to find in the others traits of character to admire. Taylor and myself came from New England. That, I suppose, was the first circumstance to start our acquaintance, but before many days the three of us were hobnobbing together like lifelong friends. Our society, however, was not exclusive, for most of

the engineers were good fellows; but it was this little band that you would find together in the evening making merry with story or jest, or, when the mood changed, sitting quietly watching the sea speed by.

The machinery of the *Buford* needing repairs, we ran in to Honolulu and were there for eight days. It was the same little band that planned trips to see the town, or to go to Waikiki Beach for a swim in the surf.

Back of the city the hills rise abruptly, and there was one of them in particular, called The Tantalus, that we especially admired. I believe we were all three country bred—at least, we knew how to enjoy the country, and we longed to explore these hills and valleys covered with a new and strange flora. The desire led to a plan for an all day's tramp into the interior. We started early one morning, carrying a plentiful supply of sandwiches.

Our destination as planned was an extinct volcano not far from town. We had climbed nearly as high as the old crater when we discovered a trail leading straight toward The Tantalus. We looked toward the old volcano on a level with us, and then at The Tantalus towering above, and in a moment we had started on and up, for The Tantalus looked well worth an effort to conquer.

The usual trail winds round and round, keep-

ing an easy grade, but to follow it was much too slow, so up we went "cross lots," picking our way through underbrush and briers, scrambling over rocks, our only idea of direction being that as long as we were climbing it was all right. At last we gained the summit, tired and hot. But a breeze was blowing, and the view that burst upon us as we turned to look back made us forget all our discomforts.

There was the city, miles below it seemed, the harbor filled with shipping, the shore line stretching into the distance and the ocean beyond; on the other side were the mountains in the interior, the valleys running down to the sea, and a glimpse of the ocean on the farther side of the island.

We ate our lunch of dry sandwiches, and as there was no water there we would have been a thirsty set had not one of us had the foresight to buy a pineapple and the perseverance to carry it all the way up; it tasted mighty good, I assure you, and refreshed us more than anything else. Going down we followed a trail down the back of the mountain, and returned to the city through one of the numerous valleys, reaching the ship late in the afternoon, very tired but well satisfied with the result of our "field day."

Another trip was to the Pali—a very steep and high precipice overlooking the sea on the

farther side of the island. There is a fine road all the way, and we drove out. Kendall made the fourth in our party. He had been in South America, and knew much more of tropical life than we who had never been south, and therefore we had fallen into the habit of questioning him and of relying implicitly on what he told us. We bought some fruit on this trip—something about the size of a muskmelon, smooth-skinned and yellow, and which was eaten like a melon—it was called papaia. We uninitiated members asked how it grew, and Kendall said, "Oh, on a vine, just like a melon." Later, however, we saw some of the same fruit hanging from a tree. I well remember how Taylor laughed and enjoyed it when Kendall was taken to task on the subject.

On our arrival at Manila, we three went together to report, and roomed together at the English Hotel. One Sunday Taylor was invited to spend the day with his friend, Capt. Seccombe, whose ship was anchored off Cavite, and he took King and myself along. We had a very enjoyable day, exploring the town of Cavite and sailing about in one of the ship's boats in the afternoon, returning to town next morning.

In about a week we were assigned to our provinces, and the evening before we were to separate we went down to one of the restaurants

and had a little farewell dinner. We had learned to know and like each other very much, and were loath to say good-bye; so when we escorted Taylor aboard his boat we sat amid the boxes strewing the deck and talked late into the night before we bade each other God-speed.

You, having all your son's letters, will find therein a fuller and better account of the journey and its incidents while we were together, but I have liked to write some of them down again, for they bring back to me memories of a young man whom I learned to know and respect for what he was. I thought a great deal of your son, and counted him as one of those whom I should try to keep as a friend always.

He was always bright and cheerful, and ever ready to do all in his power to help or comfort a friend in need—a hard and conscientious worker, and one who would have risen high in his profession.

I suppose you know much of what his work was, but no one who has not been through a like experience can know or appreciate all of the energy, courage, professional skill and fidelity to trust that a man in his position was called upon to exercise.

There have been many lives given up here for country, but I think none more nobly than by the civilian sticking calmly to his post, doing

LETTERS OF FRIENDS

his duty day by day in the midst of difficulties seemingly insurmountable.

Your son was faithful to his trust, and died fighting the battles of his country as truly as any. He was a man I consider it an honor to have known and to have had for a friend.

Sincerely,

S. B. PATTERSON.

Manila, Oct. 21, 1903.



TRIBUTES FROM FRIENDS IN
ILOCOS NORTE

TRIBUTES FROM FRIENDS IN ILOCOS NORTE

*The Work of DENZIL H. TAYLOR in Ilocos Norte,
Luzon, P. I. An Appreciation. By WIL-
LIAM EDMONDS, Superintendent of Schools.*

Act 83 of the United States Philippine Commission provided for the organization of Provincial Governments in the Philippine Islands, and constituted Provincial Boards, consisting of a Governor, Treasurer, and Supervisor. The first of these is to be elected by municipal representatives, while the Commission appoints the two latter. The Treasurer and Supervisor as nominated have been invariably Americans; while the Governor, in the majority of the provinces, has been elected from among the prominent natives.

Ilocos Norte is in the northwest corner of Luzon, with the China Sea on the west. It extends along the coast about sixty miles, and eastward until lost in the unexplored mountain chain which runs parallel with the coast. There are fifteen pueblos scattered about in the plains between the mountains and the sea. The capital is Laoag, one of the largest cities of the Archipelago. The civilized population of

the province, roughly estimated at about one hundred and thirty thousand, is almost entirely composed of Ilocanos, a pacific and docile race, industrious in working for their simple needs, but in general thriftless and illiterate.

On Aug. 20, 1901, Ilocos Norte was constituted by special law a province. Under this act John N. Currie was appointed Treasurer, Denzil H. Taylor, Supervisor, and Aguido Agbayani, Governor. On September 1 the Provincial Triumvirate, took office.

This preamble is necessary to an understanding of Denzil Taylor's position as an administrative officer. Many Americans and most natives supposed the Governor was to be, as formerly, under the Spanish *régime*, an autocrat *de facto* and *de jure*, although the law had in somewhat ambiguous terms constituted the Provincial Board as the supreme authority.

That Aguido Agbayani proposed to govern with all the despotic arrogance of an irresponsible oriental potentate was notorious. Men were arrested and imprisoned at his whim without warrant or sworn information and released by his favor. No candidate for a public office dared to express his views for fear of imprisonment, and public meetings were proscribed. The church of Laoag, where for more than two hundred years the birth of Christ had been celebrated on Christmas night, was closed to grat-

ify his fancy. Presidentes and councillors of pueblos trembled before him. Although himself a native, he was afraid to go abroad without an escort of American soldiers. He hated, vilified and feared his fellow countrymen; and lived, not without reason, in hourly apprehension of assassination.*

His oppressions would doubtless have continued indefinitely had he not been thwarted by his two colleagues. The public had no reason to suspect any discord in the councils of the Board, nor was its authority weakened by any rumors of internal dissension; but those who knew the members intimately appreciated the intensity of the strain, and how difficult it was to maintain a placid exterior, where, in so small a conclave, two men had to be friendly with the third and yet thwart him at every turn in his cherished traditions of despotism.

The Governor nevertheless courted Denzil Taylor's friendship and urged him to be his companion in his tedious official tour of the province. The very element of danger strengthened Taylor's otherwise lukewarm determination to accompany him, and he would not be dissuaded from a visit to the northern towns when the commanding officer thought it necessary to double the Governor's escort of cavalry.

* For a different view of Agbayani's character see the testimony of Mr. Currie, p. 81.

Denzil's splendid courage, indomitable will, and buoyant energy won the admiration not only of Aguido Agbayani, but also of his successor; and, antagonizing as they perpetually were in opinion and action, they recognized in him a representative of a strange and novel power, whose vitality contrasted strongly with the selfish lethargy of Spanish officialism.

Denzil Taylor's integrity was scarcely intelligible to the native officials, saturated as they are in the corruption of ages of venal administration. His high moral code was regarded in the light of personal eccentricity and idiosyncrasy rather than as loyalty to principles of strict honesty. That he should not command the services and goods of the poor without pay, appeared at first to the natives an evidence of weakness and cowardice; but before the end they were dimly beginning to realize that a high principled American official is only weak in promoting the policy of the tyrant, but immeasurably strong and magnanimous in his loyalty to the individual rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

For thoroughness and efficiency in the discharge of his duties, Denzil saw from the outset the necessity of direct intercourse with the natives, without the equivocal intervention of an interpreter. He started to study directly on his arrival, and wasted no time. From six o'clock

each morning until seven o'clock he studied Spanish. At his meals he would enliven us by asking his servant the Ilocano for various simple sentences. Few Americans have qualified themselves to talk directly to the Spanish speaking natives as rapidly as he, and toward the end he could generally dispense with an interpreter in his daily dealings with both mestizos and unlettered natives. This acquirement, allied with his keen power of observation, enabled him to appreciate correctly native sentiment and detect many abuses.

Chief among these abuses was one which offended him the more as he was an unwilling gainer by it. The working class—commonly called “the rice-paddy *hombres*”—were compelled by the presidentes of their pueblos to furnish himself and certain select friends and Americans with grass, firewood, chickens, eggs, rice, etc., in such quantities and at such prices as he chose. Denzil made careful and patient inquiry into the facts; no easy task, owing to the reticence and timidity of the poorer people. With an interpreter he went out into the barrios collecting information first hand. He found that when the *hombre* had not the requisite tale of eggs, or the chicken, or other commodity required, he was compelled to go to the public market and buy, often with borrowed money, say the chicken for fifteen cents that

he was ordered to sell in the Presidencia for five cents—possibly to the Supervisor himself. Such a system of oppression was to him intolerable. He moved at the Provincial Board to abolish the Presidential markets in all pueblos, and they were officially abolished. The free market for a time seemed to enhance the current prices, and Taylor was thoughtlessly blamed for raising the cost of market commodities. There are those who think that the docile, simple *hombres* were craftily advised to put up the prices in order to justify a return to the former vicious methods. Abuses die slowly, but at least the native is learning his freedom even if he is vexatiously foolish in its exercise.

A matter of far more moment was the question of forced labor without pay. The ignorant rice-paddy *hombre*, whom the principales desired to retain in his state of vassalage, obeyed in the docile spirit which characterizes the Ilocano workman the commands of his *cabeza* or headman, as though it were a part of the accepted and unalterable order of things. He never dared to ask pay for his labor, whether that labor were for private gain or public utility. A case in point soon arose. Men were ordered from their own rice patches to build two new school-houses at the request of an American teacher. The Supervisor heard of the men's

danger of the loss of their crop. He immediately saddled up, sought an interpreter and rode to the town. The Presidente said the men were working willingly, on account of their interest in education. He went to where the men were at work, and learned that they were all working against their will, while the brief days of rice-growing were slipping away. He had no hesitation, but told them plainly that no presidente, who held office under the American government, could compel them to work against their wish and without pay, and so dismissed them, sending them to their own tasks.

Rumors of the incident rapidly spread up and down the province. Severe strictures were passed on Taylor's conduct, and his unpopularity for the time with the ruling class it is useless to deny. And he knew it. That same evening as he leaned on the window-sill, watching the moon creeping up through the lace fronds of the tall, silent bamboo clumps, now and again he made some remark to me questioning the limits of compromise: "Ought one to do what he *knew* to be right when the immediate result might prove adverse, and he would offend those whose maturer years presupposed them to be endowed with greater wisdom?" Popularity! He talked about it then, realizing that the man who did his duty in the Philippines was never likely to be popular. There

was no bitterness in his tone that night. He accepted it as inevitable, and deliberately took each step in the path of duty without counting the cost of misunderstandings, misrepresentations, and estrangements, and continued to take each opportunity of upholding the rights of the poor and of thwarting the prevalent oppressions of the native officials. He was always in harmony with Mr. Currie, the Treasurer, and through all his troubles retained the confidence and sympathy of myself and others who knew him best; and I have reason to know that his unpopularity was of a temporary character, and that the general trend of feeling was steadily growing in the public mind to estimate his work very highly.

To struggle manfully against powerful wrong is given only to men of heroic mettle; and in a far land, remote from those whom a man loves, for whose living presence he yearns and whose sympathetic criticism of his actions he craves, the task is still harder. However, he was strengthened in his work by one of the official letters of Governor Taft, in which occurs the following significant sentence: "No provincial or municipal official has authority to compel men to labor by doing public or private work, unless they are criminals sentenced to imprisonment."

On Thanksgiving Day, 1901, the President

and Council of Laoag gave a ball, to which were invited the Americans and the more eminent native citizens. To defray the expenses the headmen were ordered to collect a *voluntary contribution* of five cents per family from the *hombres* of their respective barrios and to give two *pesos* each personally, although they were not invited to the entertainment. This coming to Denzil Taylor's knowledge, he immediately saw the Presidente and, within an hour or two, the latter issued notice to the headmen not to collect the contribution. The same day upward of one hundred *pesos*, the first twenty of which came from our house, was collected by Americans to meet the expenses.

It had previously come to Taylor's knowledge that the sumptuous feast provided for Governor Taft and the Commission, on the occasion of their visit to Laoag in August, had been entirely supplied by the poor in accordance with ancient custom. The custom has now fallen into desuetude, and with it public entertainments; as that would necessitate expenditure from their own purses on the part of the entertainers.

Denzil came to the Philippines as an engineer and not as an administrator of civil government. He had never realized that his principal duties would be so alien to that for which his education and training had qualified him.

The duties of Supervisor were by no means clearly defined in the Act. The provincial funds were made chargeable with the expense of maintaining roads, bridges, etc., but proved during the first part of the year entirely inadequate to enable the Board to make even necessary repairs. He was in the vexatious plight of seeing the province getting into worse and worse condition, while he was fettered by want of funds to effect those repairs which his incessant surveys enabled him to see should be immediately carried out. He wisely turned from this exasperating dilemma to other work. His brain was evolving schemes of improved communications and highways when sufficient funds should be forthcoming. He helped pueblos to make ferry-boats for the rainy season. He erected pumps and invented an improvement on the primitive cart-axles. He formulated schemes and systems of irrigation and suggested various experiments in agriculture. Only the dimness of vision of a people slowly awaking from primitive conditions has prevented them from adopting the various reforms which his versatile and restless ingenuity suggested to them.

Denzil Taylor never failed to remember that he represented a superior race, and that to reform this country a man must have a clear vision and be fearless in pursuing the definite

policy which that insight dictates as appropriate and feasible. He was, and knew he was, an opinionated man; and held the conviction that only opinionated men can effect reforms. Yet withal, he had the essential virtue of the highest reformers; for he was always listening, learning, and correcting or modifying his views in accordance with altered conditions.

While he was making for efficiency in his own department, his enthusiasm was not without its influence in other departments. He felt very strongly that American teachers have primary obligations to act in conformity to the principles of American citizenship, and to instruct the natives in those principles, the rights they bestow and the duties they entail. Since his death there has been published, in the Ilocano tongue, a pamphlet which embodies certain ideas which he had discussed and felt should be taught. We, who prepared the book, have been conscious of the inspiration which his fervid spirit of righteousness instilled into our undertaking.

For those who mean to do good work in the Philippines there is one indispensable article of faith to which he clung throughout, viz.: the possibility of developing in the native a higher standard of morals and a larger intellectual outlook. It matters little how low an opinion of the Filipino, as he finds him, a government offi-

cial may have; but, if at the same time, he feels that no improvement can be made he had better have remained at home. Denzil recognized clearly the limitations of the native, his lack of the sense of responsibility and his childishness; but he patiently tolerated the shortcomings of these infant citizens, believing in the possibility of leading them on to a better manhood, when they, under wise guidance and instruction, may prove themselves worthy of a measure of self-government.

The "white man's burden" is borne on the shoulders of many. The brave, stalwart men of exalted moral stature must, by the relentless laws of nature, bear a larger share than the men of stunted ideals and dwarfed souls. Denzil Taylor never shirked his heavy part, he never stooped, he never complained, but went unflinchingly forward till he fell; and by his labors there fell so large a measure of the load that those who continue have a lighter task.

On the same day, and within a few hours, death with indiscriminating hand claimed Aguido Agbayani and Denzil Taylor; both men of strong will—the one the type of age-worn, oriental despotism; the other the type of youthful, progressive democracy. The younger, so the spirit of countless ages has determined, must ultimately prevail.

*Letter from Mr. JOHN N. CURRIE, Treasurer
of Ilocos Norte, to Mrs. Taylor:*

Your letter of December 16 was received a short time ago. I have been intending to write to you ever since our dear Denzil's death, but I simply could not do it. It is impossible for me to express my grief, and if his death has made such an impression on me who only knew him for one short year, what must it be to you who were so close and dear to him. I am anything but an emotional man, but when we get to talking about him I have to break down and cry as if my heart would break, and I am not ashamed to tell you this; for Denzil was as dear to me as any brother, and as long as I live I will honor and love his memory.

To-day at lunch I made the remark that I wished Taylor was with me to help in my fight against native official corruption. As I talked and told my wife about him, my feelings overcame me so that I had to leave the table. Since Denzil's death we have had no supervisor, so that I have to make the fight alone. The native officials think it strange that Americans should object to their making every cent they can out of the province. For instance, when out on official business we are allowed actual expenses—not to exceed \$2.50 per day. When a native official goes on a trip through the province, it does not cost him a cent; but he puts in

an expense account up to the limit and swears it is a just and true account. I usually disapprove the account, and take pleasure in showing them some of Denzil's expense accounts. He would be away for a week or ten days, and on his return put in his account for five or six *pesos*; and he always paid for everything he got, as he did not believe in accepting favors from the people. A native for the same time would put in an account for fifty or sixty *pesos*, when he really had paid out nothing.

The first year of civil government in the province was very discouraging for us both. There were so many abuses to rectify, and even those to whom injustice was being done failed to give us any assistance, as they were afraid of those in authority. We also lacked funds for building roads and bridges.

The poor boy was discouraged many times, when he thought there would be nothing to show for his labors; but he builded better than he knew, and the effects of his work will be felt in this province for years to come. I am not writing this, my dear Mrs. Taylor, merely for the sake of saying something that I think will please you; for every word comes from my heart; and I am sorry I cannot enter more fully into the details of his noble work.

My health has been very poor for some time. Last October I had an operation on one of my

feet, and had a bone removed, and since then have had to use crutches. I should have asked to be relieved from my office, but felt that I would not be satisfied to have some stranger in charge for a few months.

As soon as I am able to get around, Mr. Edmonds and I will have a durable fence put up around the grave; and, as soon as we can get it from Manila, a neat headstone. As long as I am in the islands you may rest assured his grave will not be neglected. I expect to go home next year on a visit, and if I do will surely come to see you.

Yours sincerely,

Laoag, Feb. 20, 1903.

JOHN N. CURRIE.

We had given up hope of ever seeing Mr. Currie, since news had reached us that he had suffered the amputation of a foot, and that the doctors gave no hope that he could ever leave the hospital alive. So it was with great surprise and pleasure that we received a letter from him in August, and learned that he was with his friends in Canada and fast recovering health and strength.

We at once decided to visit him, that we might make the acquaintance of one who had been such an intimate friend and co-worker with Denzil in the Philippines, and that we might through him learn more intimately of our boy's life and work there.

On the banks of the magnificent Ottawa, in a pleasant summer home and surrounded by a family circle, consisting of a father, mother and sisters with their families, so genial, cultivated and hospitable, that to have met them, though but for a single day, was to us a great pleasure, and will always be to us a pleasant memory—here we met John N. Currie, Denzil's colleague and intimate comrade during the last year of his life. And in John Currie we met a most genial young man, and one thoroughly earnest and brave, as becomes his Scottish ancestry.

He left the Philippines a physical wreck, hardly expecting to live to reach home—says he never could have lived through it all had it not been for his wife. For the first two weeks after reaching home, his friends had little hope of his recovery. He then began to mend, and improvement had been so rapid that he spoke of himself as almost well. He walked with the help of a cane and without much of a limp. He was expecting in a few weeks to join his wife at Cleveland, and about the first of November to start again for the scene of his labors.

From him we got a much more vivid idea of life and conditions in the Philippines than we had ever had before. The climate of Ilocos Norte he pronounces to be a very ideal climate, with very little of the sultry heat generally found in the tropics.

He gave a sketch of the character of Aguido Agbayani, the first Filipino governor, which differs quite radically from that given by Mr. Edmonds; and yet it would seem that both are right—only differing in point of view. Mr. Edmonds saw from the outside; Mr. Currie from the inner view, the motive. He admits that many arbitrary, tyrannical acts were at first performed; but excuses them on the ground that from long continued acquaintance with Spanish rule and ideals, the Filipinos had no conception of office other than a position for corrupt self-aggrandizement and tyrannical over-lordship. He explained Agbayani's unpopularity with his countrymen, and the danger in which he lived, from the fact that during the insurrection against Spain, and later against the United States, he had remained firmly loyal, when nearly all the other leading men of the province had joined the cause of the insurrection. In consequence he was stripped by the Insurrectos of all his personal possessions and his life was frequently in danger.

Mr. Currie thinks it no great wonder that he was bitter against his enemies, and when it came his turn to hold the power that he used it to pay off old scores, veritably believing that office was for that express purpose. On the other hand, Mr. Currie says that when checked in his schemes for retaliation and oppression

by his colleagues of the Provincial Board, he yielded readily and uncomplainingly and always seemed anxious to learn American ways and ideals; and whenever told that a certain course of action was contrary to American ideas of right and justice, he was not only ready but eager to change.

This more charitable view of Agbayani's character seems to be the one that Denzil held, so far as can be gathered from allusions in his letters; for though occasionally speaking of differences of view in regard to policies, he always referred to him in a cordial tone. Once, when speaking of him, he describes him as "an elderly man with a *kindly, intelligent face*." Again he wrote, in answer to a question, "Never have had trouble with the Governor. We think differently at times, but have no quarrels over our difference of opinion."

We got from Mr. Currie many bright glimpses of their home life in that distant land, where he and Denzil lived as veritable brothers. We were confirmed in the belief, that we had always gathered from Denzil's letters, that he enjoyed his life there most thoroughly; that in spite of many discouraging features, he had an enthusiasm for his work that kept him almost always bright and cheerful.

He explained that as Denzil was almost continually abroad in the province, while he him-

self was by his duties confined to his office, it came to pass that it was Denzil who came across evidences of abuses and oppressions; and therefore, when acts were carried through the Provincial Board to suppress these, he naturally had to bear most of the abuse from those opposed to the reform.

The unpopularity incurred by these attempts at reform Mr. Currie represented as of a transient nature and from a source little worth heeding—some disliking him because he would not allow their extortions, others because he would not join in their carousals. He said that while some of the inferior army officers talked blusteringly and tried to make trouble, Colonel Huggins, who held the chief command in the province, was thoroughly in sympathy with the reform movement.

Mr. Currie fully agreed with Denzil's estimate of many of the teachers that have been sent from the United States: and said that his wife remarked, after seeing a number of them, that she should think a draft had been made upon the insane asylums to furnish the delegation of teachers for the islands. He mentioned by name, however, several notable exceptions, and especially praised the good work they were doing. Prominent among these was Miss Blandin, who he hoped would remain a long time at Laoag.

Mr. Currie told some instances illustrating

the inertness of the Filipinos. When Denzil had got his new cart completed, with the wheel turning on the axle and its broad tire, he had it taken from town to town and shown and its advantages explained. In addition to the easier running and the saving the roads from being rutted and spoiled, all who owned the improved style of vehicle would be exempt from the cart tax, the saving of which in a single year would cover the expense of the new cart. The improved cart as shown from place to place was received with universal approval and even enthusiasm. Sequel: Not a single new cart built upon the improved plan, so far as known.

The San Nicolas canal for irrigation, for which Denzil did so much gratuitous work in planning and surveying, and which would have been of such great benefit, has never been even commenced.

We parted from John Currie and the pleasant family circle—Curries, MacDonalds, McLaurins, of good old Scottish ancestry, one and all—with genuine regret, but with thankful hearts that we had been permitted to meet our boy's co-worker and intimate friend, and had found him so pleasant and worthy a man. It is easy to imagine how much brighter Denzil's last year was with such a colleague than it would have been with one of a different character—a mere self-seeker, or one gloomy and fault-finding.

From ELIZABETH F. BLANDIN:

Long before this you must have received the official notice of your son's death. Ever since his death I have felt that I wanted to write to you, hoping a letter from one who had lived near him might comfort you a little.

I am one of the teachers in Laoag, and as Mr. Taylor and I were the only ones in this vicinity from New Hampshire, there seemed to be a special bond of sympathy between us. I came here last October, and from the first he was very kind to me. I considered him and Mr. Currie among my best friends here, and had I ever been in trouble would have gone to them first.

He had told me much about you and always spoke with such pride and pleasure of his father and mother. Whenever we got "States Mail" we always compared notes on New Hampshire news; exchanged magazines, papers and books. I can't yet realize that he will not come in to see us with that bright, quick way we knew so well.

Mr. Taylor had not been well for some time. The last time I saw him was at his house, and though he was in bed, his spirits were good and he was doing some writing every day. It was thought he would gain faster at the hospital, and so he went there. For a time he was discouraged about himself; then began to gain,

and the doctor told me the last few days he seemed quite like himself, had regained his usual spirits. The day following the one on which he was taken with the cholera, he was to have left the hospital. Dr. Eicher told me he saw him at 4 P.M., August 13, and that he seemed all right, but in an hour he had shown most violent symptoms of cholera. He soon realized his condition and tried to give the doctor his father's name, but was so weak that he had to spell it out in a whisper. The doctors did everything possible, but from the first saw that the case was hopeless. He was taken to the cholera hospital and rallied a little when he saw Mr. Edmonds. He lived only about nine hours after being taken. He was buried in the soldiers' cemetery, and Mr. Edmonds read the Episcopal burial service at his grave.

He was a young man with so much of life and promise before him, that every American here was inexpressibly shocked. More than ever do we realize what a terrible disease cholera is. One may be well one minute and in a few hours dead. Three men, closely associated with Mr. Taylor, have fallen victims to it; the governor, the ex-governor, and the official interpreter. We are living under a great strain—taking many precautions but not feeling safe even then.

In about a year I expect to return to my home

in Bethlehem, New Hampshire, and I shall hope to see the father and mother of one whom I considered one of my best friends in the Philippines.

Yours sincerely,

ELIZABETH F. BLANDIN.

Laoag, Ilocos Norte, P. I., Aug. 27, 1902.

Later there came a letter from Miss Blandin to Mrs. Taylor, from which we take the following extracts:

Yesterday I asked Mr. Edmonds if he would go out to the cemetery with me, and this morning we started about eight o'clock on our ponies. The cemetery is outside the town, on a road where Mr. Taylor and I had often ridden, but where he always begged me not to go alone. After leaving the road, we passed right through the midst of the picturesque ruins of an old Spanish hospital. We went under arches, up and down stone steps, till we came out in a field with rice and cotton growing all around. Here was the tract set apart for those who had died of the cholera. Since I was there last a fence had been put around the place, and a neat white board with black lettering marked the resting place of each one there. It is a quiet, pretty place, shut off from the road by the ruin and the other cemetery. I can assure you that

it is a spot that will not be neglected or forgotten.

It is little more than a year ago that I saw Mr. Taylor for the first time. Then he offered to help me in any way he could, and was always so thoughtful and obliging. I never see my pony without thinking of him. He got the pony for me, told me how to have him cared for, helped me to get my saddle, taught me to ride, and did no end of thoughtful things for me. I speak of myself, for it is so natural to put self first; but he was nice to others as well. I think he took special interest in me because I came from "home" and was alone.

Whenever we got a "States Mail," we used to compare notes on the number of letters to each. You can't realize his delight when he got his mail—every piece meant so much to him. I remember one day I was in his office when he came in with his arms full, and he just flourished his letters and packages in my face. That was one of the times I didn't get much. We exchanged books and magazines. I have now a book that you sent him last Christmas: "The Making of an American."

You may be interested in a little information about Mr. Currie. There was a strong mutual regard and liking between him and Mr. Taylor. The day after his death I went to see Mr. Currie and he was all broken up. I have rarely

seen a man show more feeling. He himself was not well and he felt Mr. Taylor's death keenly. Just at that time he got word that the young woman he was to marry was in Manila. There were delays and she had to wait there three weeks for him. They are back now, but he has been sick nearly ever since. At first it seemed to be rheumatism in the foot, but it now seems more serious and there are fears that an amputation will be necessary. His wife is bright and energetic and has managed to appear cheerful through it all. I was there when your first letter arrived for Mr. Currie, and her sympathy went out to you, although she had not known your boy personally.

How you must have loved him, and how he loved you. Men don't say these things always, but when he spoke of you and his father there was so much affection and regard and pride in his tone. He was always brave and cheery. I don't know whether he ever wrote you of the many discouraging features of his work. So much of the time there was no money in the treasury for him to use, and you know how he would chafe if obliged to be idle long where he could see so much that needed to be done.

Some one who came here only a short time after he did told me of the remarkable quickness with which he learned the Spanish language. When I came in October, he spoke it

with little difficulty. He came in when we were trying to rent this house, and talked to the native owner with so much effectiveness that we got one of the nicest houses in town for twenty *pesos* a month. He was getting so that he had little difficulty in making himself understood in Ilocano.

We always knew when he was coming, for he always rapped very loudly at the foot of the stairs. I asked him once why he made such a noise down there, and he said he had discovered it was not safe to come to the door of a house occupied only by women, without announcing the approach—said he came up once when we were not prepared for callers.

The American women never wear any hats here, and many a time when we have been out to walk or ride in the evening, he would appear without one, saying, "If you don't wear any I don't need to." It all comes back so vividly as I write—riding in the beautiful moonlight, he either singing or whistling most of the time—his springy elastic step when we walked, and often he couldn't resist running or jumping or dancing a few steps in the road.

We used to laugh about his terribly mathematical eye. Our dresses were made by a Spanish woman who doesn't know much about the business, and it didn't take him long to discover that the two sides of the waist were not

exactly alike. Where there is such a small family of Americans matters of dress are freely discussed.

Mr. Taylor was very much respected by all who knew him. I learned the other day that he was to have been godfather at a christening in one of the first families of San Nicolas. Miss Gillette, a school-teacher, was godmother. At the last moment a note came, saying he was sick, and the Presidente took his place.

Only yesterday I thought, "If I miss him so much, what must it be to the dear ones at home." It sometimes seems to me as if I must hear him again skipping up the steps. He used to come up two steps at a time, take a turn around the room, see what new books we had, and perhaps be gone in five minutes.

From Señor MARCELO BARBA, Assistant Engineer:

My Dear Sir: Without having the honor to know you personally, allow me to address these lines to assure you and your family of my extreme grief and to offer my sincerest condolence in the fate that has befallen my respected chief, Mr. Denzil Taylor, the Provincial Supervisor, and your worthy son.

I am the only one who from the time of his arrival has been under him, employed as assist-

ant in his important office of Supervisor, in which position he was very highly esteemed by all the inhabitants of Ilocos Norte; not only by the leading citizens but by the working class also, because he it was who insisted on complying strictly with the law, so that laborers should work only for wages.

Mr. Taylor had proved his deep sympathy with everybody in the province in such a way that they all regarded him as their champion in all cases of public wrongs and reverses.

He was a man who sacrificed his life through devotion to his work, for he was absolutely regardless of the time he devoted in compliance with his duty. A skilled workman of the highest order, he has instructed us in many new things in this province, demonstrating his vast knowledge of engineering. Everybody feels the death of the man who had begun to reanimate the province in its wretched and poverty-stricken condition in respect of the highways and bridges. He had formulated a whole sea of projects for their betterment and reconstruction.

I was far from believing that he might die—so full of vigor and life he was. I was serving him during his illness, and I will still continue to serve him in every way I can now that he is dead; for this is certain that no one here has reason to feel more deeply his death than I.

His two ponies and his American horse are in my care, and I treat them with the same care as though they were my own, while waiting instructions as to how they are to be disposed of.

The services and friendship which I wholeheartedly tendered Mr. Taylor, my beloved chief, I offer to you for what they are worth, that you may freely command the services of

Your faithful servant,

MARCELO BARBA.

Laag, Ilocos Norte, P. I., Sept. 3, 1902.

A request having been sent to Señor Barba for some details of Denzil's work in the Philippines, the following paper was received. There seems to have been a mutual esteem between the co-workers, for Denzil speaks more than once in his letters in very high terms of his assistant.

Señor BARBA on Denzil's Work:

MR. DENZIL H. TAYLOR, PROVINCIAL SUPERVISOR
OF ILOCOS NORTE.

Mr. Taylor arrived in the province the second of September, 1901, the day on which the provincial officers first elected for its government took possession. When he came to the river of Laoag, it was greatly swollen; so much so that he was obliged to remain a day and a night at

San Nicolas, until the river should become passable in order to cross and arrive at Laoag, the capital of Ilocos Norte. He was able thus to appreciate the force of the current during the high water and to devise a way of effecting a passage when it was highest.

During the rule of the Spanish government, and also under that of the United States, it was the custom to have a bridge built in the dry season by the forced labor of the common people, called the *polista*.

When the dry season came, the municipal authorities of Laoag ordered, as usual, the construction of the yearly bridge. When Supervisor Taylor learned of this he opposed it vigorously, advising the common people not to undertake the construction of the bridge, as in former years, unless they were paid for their labor. For this advice the people of Laoag thanked him and the municipal authorities voted \$700, Mexican money, for the work and material of the bridge. Mr. Taylor, having learned of this resolution, and thinking on the one hand that the sum was not sufficient for the work, and on the other that the money was being wasted because the bridge would last only six months during the dry season, when a bridge was least needed, advised the authorities to use this money in the construction of great ferries which would last a long time. He

suggested that later, when they had saved enough money, they should build a really solid and permanent bridge. His plan was approved and adopted and due praise given the lamented Mr. Taylor.

He then constructed two great ferries, one for the river at Laoag and another for crossing the river on the road from Dingras to S. Miguel. These boats were a great novelty in Ilocos, being capable of transporting a heavily loaded American wagon drawn by four mules, and accommodating more than two hundred persons at the sides of the boat.

At the first they went very well, but he feared that later they might be disabled at the coming of very high water because the force of the current might be too strong for the shore supports—poles raised on a bottomless sand. This happened just when he was too sick to attend to the repairs as he wished. However, he had formed plans for resetting these posts and strengthening them in such a way that the river could not force them over, no matter how great the flood might be in the future. And so the ferries ceased to run because he had not had time to realize his projects before the cholera deprived him of life, and caused great grief to all the people who knew him, especially in the town and the province.

This young man was never weary in advising

the people of the country, nor did he allow to pass any opportunity of showing them that they were not obliged to work for nothing as in times of Spanish rule.

One day he learned that in the town of San Nicolas two school-houses were being built by forced labor, which is used in almost all the communal works in the Philippines. Immediately he went to the town and asked the workmen if they were willing to do the work without pay. When they answered that they were forced by members of the city council and by the district officials to do this work, he let the people know their rights, telling them that they were by no means obliged to work for nothing. They followed his advice and were deeply grateful to the man who rescued them from slavery.

Mr. Taylor came and went through all the towns among the people who were busy in constructing public works. He would ask them if they were assigned to their work by persons who would pay them. As all these works were built by forced labor, he would invariably receive a negative answer. He would then advise them to leave their work, giving them the same explanation as in the first case.

He succeeded in doing away with the posts, called in Ilocos *rondas del pueblo*, or night-guard. These were neither police nor officers of justice or of public order, but in them every

poor citizen was forced to render service, which the officials of the towns appropriated to their own use and protection under the pretense of its being public service.

He likewise did away with the custom of furnishing the civil and military authorities with provisions—fodder, chickens, eggs, wood, rice—for which they paid only after the expiration of three or four months, and then forced the people to accept prices which were truly far lower than the real value of the things furnished.

He did many things to ameliorate conditions in the province of Ilocos Norte; built a fire-proof safe for the money and records of the province and constructed and repaired some important bridges in the North, South and East. He opened a new road to the town of Bacarra, and had many works planned at the time of his death, such as the bridges of Tipeal and Galpac de Paoay, the materials for which were all ready.

He made many rapid trips around the province, exploring the mountains of the eastern part, studying at the same time the resources and the mineral and forest products of the province. When traveling he stopped at country houses, buying the best of food, but was not ostentatious in his position, as was the custom during the Spanish rule; a thing which was the wonder of the Ilocanos.

He learned Spanish in a short time, so that after a residence of six months in Ilocos he conversed fluently and wrote letters which showed much skill in acquiring languages. He understood, too, the language of Ilocos very well, but did not speak it perfectly.

From CHARLES G. EICHER, M. D. :

Dear Sir: I meant to write you from Laoag immediately after the death of your son, as I had attended him in his last illness as well as in a previous attack of malarial fever; but at that time we were in the midst of the cholera epidemic, which gave me no time for writing, and when I had time I thought others had already told you all I could tell in regard to the circumstances surrounding his sickness and death.

I was your son's doctor during the entire time he was at Laoag, and I had opportunity to know and respect him very much. He was a young man of sterling qualities and especially firm convictions, and conscientious in all his work. Once convinced that a certain line of action was right, he would follow that regardless of cost.

Had he not been so faithful to his work and worked beyond his strength, no doubt he might have been in condition to resist the cholera; but overworked and weakened by fever he was a

ready victim of the dread disease. Many times had I, as his medical adviser, remonstrated with him in regard to exposing himself to the heat and the excessive fatigue; but he would always reply that the work was there to be done and that he was perfectly able to do it.

Mr. Taylor's death was a great shock to all the American colony there. He was taken sick between four and five P.M., and died between two and three the next morning. Mr. Edmonds and I stayed by him during the entire time, powerless to relieve his intense suffering.

While your son has gone, you have the satisfaction of knowing that he died at his post, and that he never left a duty undone.

I sympathize with you in your bereavement.

Yours sincerely,

CHARLES G. EICHER.

Esplan, Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 12, 1903.

From THEODORE GRUENER :

Dear Sir: Even if late I beg to sympathize with you in the loss of your son. It was too bad for so young a man to be taken away. There were a number of us older men, without chick or child, who did not care whether we ever got back again or not, but who have come back to start life over again, and not a scratch on us!

I was stationed at Laoag until January, 1902,

and of course saw a good deal of your son. After the Governor, I suppose I was the next highest representative of the executive branch of the Government, and so met all the civil and military officers.

Your son was especially noted for his willingness to make it pleasant for everybody—he was more than fair to the natives, and I knew of his kindness to the American school-teachers out there. I remember selling him a nice roan single-footer, and before long he let one of the school-teachers have him, as he was such a good saddle horse.

Once when I had two hundred and thirty-five ponies on my hands, and the natives refused to bring in the usual supply of fresh grass that they require, I was in a pickle; but he bestirred himself with some influential natives, outside of town, and I soon had the usual supply for my starving ponies.

He was always putting himself out for somebody.

I was pleased to hear through you from Mr. Currie and Mr. Edmonds.

Again with much sympathy and with regards,
I am,

Very sincerely yours,

THEODORE GRUENER.

New Haven, Conn., Oct. 29, 1903.

From Gen. E. L. HUGGINS :

Sir: I have just learned your address, and although this letter may seem a little belated, I desire to express my profound sympathy with you and Mrs. Taylor in the death in the Philippines of your noble son, Mr. D. Taylor.

I was in command of the troops at Laoag, when your son assumed his duties there, and although our intercourse extended over only a few months, I was impressed by his sterling qualities, and heard with grief of his death. He was a man who united to business capacity a frank and generous nature, a love of justice, and a high degree of moral courage.

Such men are greatly needed in the Philippines, as indeed they are everywhere. His loss was deeply mourned by all who learned to know him in the Philippines, both Americans and natives. I remain

Yours very truly,

E. L. HUGGINS,

Late Lt.-Col. 3d Cav.

Comdg, Laoag, P. I.

Liberty, N. Y., Aug. 17, 1903.

EXTRACTS FROM DENZIL'S
LETTERS

DENZIL'S LETTERS

WHEN Denzil started for the Philippines we told him we should keep all his letters; so that at any time after his return he could review his journey and his life there, and live them over once more in imagination with their aid. From these letters we glean extracts that will give glimpses of his life from the time he left home. As this is printed only for his more intimate friends, many of whom we think will be glad to learn the details of the last year of his life, we note this fact as an apology, if any be needed, for printing some incidents that might otherwise seem trivial.

We parted from Denzil at Boston on June 24. He sent us a few lines almost daily until he left San Francisco. Weekly letters came from the Philippines.

Near ERIE, PENN.

7.45 A.M., Tuesday, June 25.

Yesterday met William H. Caldwell on the train—spent the afternoon with him. He was on the way to Buffalo to look after the herd of Guernsey cows at the exhibition which are in the butter contest there. We got off at Springfield and lunched on baked beans. I rode in

his car and he pointed out different places while we were crossing Berkshire. He seemed very familiar with all this country—showed where the dam broke last fall near Washington. When I told him that the steamer on which I am to sail was formerly the *Mississippi*, he said he knew the boat and that it is a very staunch vessel.

A little girl ten or eleven years old, who, with her mother is going to the state of Washington, has just come to share with me the table on which I am writing. She is drawing things that we pass and between times I draw for her various child fancies I happen to remember.

INDIANA, June 25.

6.45 P.M.

Have been riding through a flat, rich farming country, with occasional fine views of Lake Erie. I played much of the time with the little girl—Juna her name is. We made pin-wheels, paper boats and paper dolls. At Toledo we got off and had a game of ball.

I felt a bit lonely before I began writing, but feel better already. Hope to do something some time that you will be proud of, and though it was very hard to leave you still I feel somehow that it was best I should go.



DENZIL HOLLIS TAYLOR

AGE, 22 YEARS





PUEBLO, COLORADO.

11.30 A.M., June 27.

I had to bid good-bye to my little girl friend at Chicago. Rode all day through a rich farming country of rolling prairie. This morning I woke up and found a strange country— flat, flat, flat—with nothing but small ranch huts and groups of cattle to break the monotony of the grassy plain. Soon this changed and before we reached Colorado Springs the grass had nearly disappeared except where the land was irrigated. There the growth of clover and produce was rank, but where the soil was left to nature there were only scattered bunches of grass and sunflowers and a bush that may be the sage brush that you used to talk about. Prairie dogs had their mounds on every hand, and the signs of man were far apart.

Early we saw Pike's Peak, with its snow-top, and were told it was sixty miles away, when really it looked no farther than the East Hills at home; but as we rode and rode and still the mountains seemed no nearer I began to realize the distance.

We took breakfast at Colorado Springs, and starting from there turned south over the Denver and Rio Grande railroad to Pueblo, where we arrived at 9.30 A.M., and shall not leave until noon. So we have time to look the town over.

It seems rather a slow-going town, of about

twenty-five thousand inhabitants, with smelting works, steel works and railroads. It is a dry, sun-baked sort of a place with cliffs of rotten sandstone, covered with mud and board huts, which give it a Mexican aspect. Part of the town, however, is very pretty, with green lawns—kept green entirely by sprinkling.

Friday Evening, June 28.

Yesterday, after leaving Pueblo, had the finest ride of my life—up through the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas—on over the Tennessee Pass and down through the valley of Grand River. When it became dark my head and eyes ached with looking at grand sights.

To-day from Tucker past Salt Lake and Ogden the country was strange, but less interesting, and since leaving Ogden at about noon there has been nothing but sand and sage brush—the most desolate region one can well imagine.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 30.

Yesterday crossed the Sierra Nevada range. The glimpses we got were fine, but most of the time the view was cut off by the snow-sheds which extend almost without a break for nearly forty miles.

In the valley of the Sacramento the wheat crop is just being harvested. A machine,

drawn by ten or twelve horses or mules cuts the wheat, threshes it and leaves the wheat in bags. The rolling hills are covered with wheat, and this is now of a rich golden color—being left until perfectly dry before being cut.

I hear there is only one warship, the *Oregon*, in the harbor; so I shall probably not meet Hollis Winston.

NEW WESTERN HOTEL,
SAN FRANCISCO, July 2.

Reported to General Long yesterday as ordered. The *Buford* does not sail until the 10th. I should have preferred the extra ten days with you in the east. I read in the papers of the terrible heat you are having. Here it is cool—really like early spring at home, except that vegetation is far advanced. They say this is the usual weather of this time of the year. I find my storm coat very convenient, but hardly need an overcoat. Some of the women wear furs on the street.

This morning I walked around to the San Francisco branch of the Vermont Marble Co., and looked over the machinery. It seemed natural to hear and see the saws. This P.M. shall get my Spanish books and see what I can do—a little knowledge of the grammar ought to help when I get among people speaking the language.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 4, 1901.

San Francisco, as you know, is situated on the southwestern side of a small inland sea or bay, whose only connection with the ocean is a narrow strait called the Golden Gate. This name, taken I know not from whence, has a romantic sound and might easily have been coined from the sunsets seen through it, from this region of gold to which it gives entrance, or from the gold-brown color of the hills on either side.

The city itself stands on a peninsula enclosed between the southern arm of the bay and the Pacific Ocean. This peninsula is traversed by three distinct ridges running north and south. The city was begun on the eastern or bay side and has spread to the westward over two of these ridges. Roughly speaking, the first ridge with the front on the bay, is occupied by business except the northern end which is Chinatown. The second ridge is occupied by the residences of the better classes; while the third ridge, along the Pacific, is still a suburb.

The cars running on the business streets are propelled by cable, and have a brake operating directly on the track in addition to the usual wheel brake. The reason for all this is seen when one rides up and down the hills on which the city stands. A hill on which an electric car could make no progress, and with usual brakes

could hardly stand, is easily climbed and easily descended by a cable car. Another advantage is that a car descending not only runs itself but helps pull another car up the opposite side of the hill. Beyond the steep grades, electricians are run and connect the city with all points of interest, such as Golden Gate Park, Praesidio, the encampment of the United States troops and the ocean beyond.

So far as I have been able to learn only one steam railroad—a narrow gauge—enters San Francisco. All the others end at Oakland on the other side of the bay, and passengers and freight alike are ferried across the four intervening miles.

The stores are much like those of other cities, except that the unnatural, overgrown combination of all lines, called a department store, has but one representative, "The Emporium."

The better residences are toward the west on the second ridge. Here are fine houses with elegant though limited grounds covered with flowers. Of course, during most of the year, no grass or flowers are to be seen except those artificially watered. With the exception of the residences of the wealthy, nearly all dwellings are built of wood and are crowded in such a jumble that one is surprised that any survive a single outbreak of fire. Many houses are built on the slice pattern found in all blocks of build-

ings; but here the separate slices are placed eight or ten feet apart, giving room for a walk, and presenting a very peculiar appearance—like a cake cut ready for eating.

The men of San Francisco seem alert as regards business, but have not the feverish haste or the bored elegance of the New Yorker. A silk hat is an article rarely seen, and as a rule the men are dressed in quiet business suits which get apparently little care.

The women are at once the loudest dressed, and the fastest looking set I remember ever to have seen. Pretty in the landscape they surely are, but chemical hair and painted complexions are the rule and not the exception. The present fashions accentuate the attractions of the female figure; while the petite high-heeled shoes, with an often liberal glimpse of open-work stocking, adds attraction to the picture.

The climate reminds me most of late September in New England. The days are bright and clear—warm in the sun, but invigorating. The nights are cool and sometimes foggy. This I understand is the usual weather throughout the year, except that frequent rains occur during the winter months. There is nothing of heat here such as you have had during the last two weeks, and nothing of cold such as you will have six months from now.

The people of San Francisco find out-door

amusement in various small parks, and at Golden Gate Park, just west of the city, containing beautiful drives and walks amid a semi-tropical vegetation. The Cliff House stands upon a point of rocks on the southern side of the Golden Gate; back and above are Sutro Heights, and private gardens filled with trees, shrubs, flowers and statuary. Toward the south as far as the eye can see extends a low sand beach on which the white-capped breakers trip and fall. This is the great pleasure ground of the city, and here the weary workers gain strength from sun and sea.

The Pacific Ocean, true to its name, has, during my short acquaintance, been quiet and peaceable; though having a solemnity and power—a kind of fascination which affects one strangely.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 9.

Yesterday I went across the bay and explored Oakland and Berkley. They are beautiful places with fine houses and well-kept lawns. My! how you would enjoy the roses!

The papers are full of accounts of the terribly hot weather you are having, and I see that among the victims of the heat was the admired philosopher and historian, John Fiske. At the restaurants here the daily papers are served with the food. I have read the morning

and evening papers ever since I have been here, and have not bought one.

To-morrow I expect to leave these shores. I am well—never better—and look forward with pleasure to the voyage. I have been a bit lonely at times here, but then would either write home or study Spanish or engineering, and so get over it. Of course I think at times of the long distance that will be between me and home, but then I feel sure I shall return and find you well and happy.

TRANSPORT BUFORD—Evening, After Deck—
Five days out of San Francisco.

Fresh northwest wind. Canvas awning flaps idly as boat rises and falls on each successive wave—skylight running lengthwise of deck, with benches on either side—at sides of deck, life-boats with canvas covers—over all, at stern of boat, waves the flag of our country. Grouped on the sheltered side of the skylight, in the darkness of early night, sit men from all parts of our glorious Union, bound to each other in this waste of waters by a common tongue and ambition—sailors—officers—passengers surrounded by the blackness of a moonless night, and a solitude whose only sounds are the swish of the waves and the song of the wind. These few, journeying westward as does the course of em-

pire, sing with thought of home and distant ones. Following songs which recall childhood's pleasures and snatches suggesting joys left behind, come the ringing tones of "Jerusalem the Golden." With this acknowledgment to the Ruler of Sea and Land, from men inured to life's vicissitudes, this group, whose nearest tie is that of country, seeks its rest.

— Monday, July 15.

As the watch at the mast-head says, "Six bells and all is well." I am well and eat terribly. All have recovered from seasickness and we are becoming somewhat acquainted. About eight in the morning we have breakfast—then comes reading, cards, writing, studying Spanish till dinner. The afternoon has the same variety of pleasure and work. After supper—the sunset, and in the quiet of evening, songs and music on cornet, guitar, mandolin or banjo, and sleep.

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PACIFIC OCEAN, July 18.

We expect to reach Honolulu to-morrow. It was not intended that we should stop there but that we should pass some four hundred miles to the north. Some trouble with the engine compels us to put in for repairs. We are all rejoicing at the prospect of getting ashore. Just think how web-footed I shall walk when first I get on footing that does not roll.

Just now, as I looked up, saw a flying fish a few feet from the ship. These are the only signs of life we have seen since the sea-birds left us. These birds followed us for twelve hundred miles from San Francisco.

HONOLULU, H. T., July 21, 1901.

This is a wonderland—beyond all my dreams. We came to dock on Friday and at once started out to see the city and its environs. We boys are by now acquainted, and by natural selection three of us seem to go together most of the time. We usually take on a fourth, but that member varies in name. The three are Patterson, King and myself. They are fine fellows—Patterson and King I mean.

The people are a strange mixture of whites, Kanakas, Chinese and Japs, and dress in all manner of costumes.

In the afternoon four of us went out to Waikiki Beach and had a swim in the surf—it was fine—sharks do not come inside the coral reef.

We have all sorts of tropical fruits here. I never cared for pineapples before, but here they are delicious.

Saturday forenoon four of us drove out to Pali, which is the highest point on the road crossing the island—had a fine view. In the afternoon we listened to the Royal Hawaiian

Band, considered to be the next in excellence to Sousa's band. In the evening attended a concert and dance at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, and had a good time dancing with the school-teachers. To-day the "three" with Wheeler climbed Mount Tantalus. From the top we had a fine view of the ocean on both sides of the island and of the city, harbor and surrounding country. We could look down upon three extinct volcanic craters.

HONOLULU, July 22.

It is now reported that the castings made yesterday did not fill the moulds—so must try again, with several more days' delay. We boys are not worrying—the pay is going on and there are lots of things to see. It seems a bit strange that there is a break-down and I have no trouble over it—was not that way in Vermont.

Honolulu has about forty thousand inhabitants. The native and Chinese quarters are cheap but not so squalid as I had expected. In the better business portion the stores are very modern and keep everything that can be thought of. The clerks are either Japanese or natives and the owners Americans. The native Kanakas are mostly longshoremen, fishers, drivers and such like. The planters themselves are mostly whites, but some of them have native wives.

In San Francisco stores were open seven days in the week, but here everything closes about noon Saturday and stays shut until Monday morning. The difference may be partly due to the fact that there are no Jews here, while San Francisco is overrun with them. Business seems very prosperous. Almost everything is imported from the States—more it seems to me than is necessary, for I see no reason why chickens, eggs and such supplies cannot be furnished here.

However, the sugar and rice sent from the islands more than repay for the return of all these articles. Very few cows are kept—milk fifteen cents a quart—eggs from forty-five to sixty cents a dozen, and other things in proportion.

The climate is fine. I think I could be contented to live here always if my father and mother were here; but that is out of the question, for you will never care to leave New England. Some of the boys say they would not care to live where so little is going on, but just that quiet I like.

July 24.

Am taking life easy now. Yesterday went up to the heights that overlook the city, and while resting—enjoying the view and the cool breeze—four of us had a little game of whist. Some of the lady school-teachers from the *Bu-*

ford came by, and seeing us pretended to be very much disgusted that we should waste our time in such a beautiful spot in playing cards.

ISLAND OF OAHU, July 25.

To-day five of us went by train to the Eawa plantation, about twenty miles north of Honolulu. Here we saw sugar cane growing, and being cut and loaded on cars which run on temporary tracks and are drawn by a small locomotive to the mill where the cane is crushed and the juice made into crude sugar. This is shipped to the States to be refined—even the sugar used here is refined in the States because fuel is so scarce—not a bit of coal on the islands.

It is claimed by the owner of this plantation that there are three thousand acres in cane—that the mill has been running steadily for a year and a half—that one hundred and fifty tons of sugar are made every day; and that this sugar, which sells when refined at \$80 per ton, gives a clear profit above all expenses of \$40 per ton. How is that for a story? If true, no wonder the planters are rich and bother themselves with nothing but sugar, and get all their supplies from San Francisco. This large profit is probably not possible on the smaller plantations.

The bosses are whites, but the laborers are Japs, Chinese and a few from the West Indies.

The cane is planted by setting in pieces of cane with buds. One planting lasts for about five years—the first crop maturing in eighteen months. The mules are fed on the tops and the cane, after having the juice pressed out, is fed into the furnace to produce steam. The stalks are gleaned very carefully, so that no small pieces of good cane may be left; and then the field, covered with refuse tops and other waste, is burned over and the cane starts again from the roots.

We returned from this trip about 2 P.M., and then went swimming. The Japanese steamer *America Maru* came in to-day from Japan, and is going to take mail to San Francisco—so must close this and get it aboard.

HONOLULU, July 26.

We sail to-morrow at 9 A.M. I am glad we came here, for the island is so pleasant and I may not come this way again.

One finds acquaintances and those who have known his friends in all parts of the world. You know Robert Wheeler of Temple is one of the engineers. I found, in talking with him, that he is a cousin of the Ashby Carrs, and that he lived in Ashby while working on the state-road from Ashby to Fitchburg. One of the school-teachers—I didn't catch her name—knew Ruth Morison at Radcliffe. Patterson,

chum number one, comes from Connecticut, and King the other, from Michigan. Am very well, but getting so lazy—Shall I be able to get down to work again sometime?

PACIFIC OCEAN, August 5.

Lat. 18° N., Lon. 178° E.

We have crossed the 180th meridian, so that Thursday had no to-morrow and to-day, Saturday, has no yesterday. We *were* seven hours behind you, but now are seventeen hours ahead. We have the first use of each day's sun, and so, you see, are decidedly ahead of the times.

Left Honolulu on Saturday, a week ago to-day, and have been going steadily west and a bit south. The sea is very smooth—the ship rocks no more than a New York ferry-boat—the days, though warm, have a light breeze. The days we now pass in eating, sleeping, card playing, reading and studying Spanish. We boys study this by conversation. I get what I can from others and from the dictionary, which gives the idioms.

It is a very lazy time we are having, but I hardly think I shall be spoiled for work. I notice the heat very little, not nearly so much as some of the other boys. It is about 85° in the shade now. All the ship is covered with awnings, so that we are always out of the sun.

Have seen no sail since Honolulu—very

lonely sea, and what a big one—I never could have realized it as I do now. This afternoon the ocean has a slight swell, but with no noticeable waves—merely ripples, but no white caps; there are white summer clouds and a light blue sky. At night the water is black except where the moonlight forms a fan-shaped surface of silver, the point near the observer and expanding in the distance.

PACIFIC OCEAN, August 7.

This is my birthday and also your wedding-day. Last year found me working away up in Vermont, and little did I think that this year would find me here.

Have gotten used to being lazy, so that now I can get up just in time for breakfast at 8.15—read and dream through the forenoon—eat a good lunch—talk Spanish and play cards in the afternoon—eat dinner—watch the sunset—listen to music—watch the moon—think of home until eleven or twelve—turn in and really *delude* myself into thinking I have done something worth my living during the day.

The sunsets on these tropical seas, 19° north now, are fine—not the fiery reds of New England, but yellow-gold, blue-green and orange. Got up this morning to see the sun rise. It was fine, but not up to the sunsets. The sea for the last week has been less rough than I have seen

Thorndike Lake, except that there is a long underswell that pitches the boat a bit, but which cannot be seen.

With us it is now 9.30 A.M., August 7—with you it is 5.30 P.M., August 6. I tried to explain this difference of time and the skipping a day at the 180th meridian to one of the lady teachers; but either I was dull at explaining, or she a bit slow at understanding—she didn't get it.

Patterson was acquainted with some of the people on the boat and so we have gotten well acquainted with them. They are Mrs. Buck and three children—family of Captain Buck, of something or other United States army, and Miss Buck, sister of the captain. They are fine people, and such as one will be glad to know on the islands.

PACIFIC OCEAN, August 9.

We shall reach Guam Sunday, and I shall try to get ashore. This ocean is getting tiresome. I never loafed so long in my life, and I don't like it. Have been translating a little Spanish play with Patterson and Miss Brown.

ISLAND OF GUAM, August 11.

Will drop a line from here, which you will be likely to get about next Thanksgiving. The last mail received here was in June, and this will go on the next boat that happens along.

We are inside the coral reef and about two miles from shore. Freight is being unloaded into lighters—several native boats about, selling eggs, chickens and fruit. The natives are of a Malay type and are great swimmers; population said to be about six thousand. The island doesn't look like a bad place to live in, and would not be, I am sure, were it not so completely cut off from the world. We are not to go ashore. We are to take on board several Filipinos who have been prisoners here, but are now to return to their native country.

Two days from GUAM, August 13.

What a little world this is, after all! One of the stewards came to me to talk about Peterboro. He has relatives and friends there and in Frankestown—one of them, a Miss Hopkins, used to play the organ in the Unitarian church in Peterboro. The stewardess, a Mrs. Todd, wanted to meet me because she knew the Farnums. She had charge, when he was a little fellow, of a boy that the Farnums adopted and who is now attending the High School in Peterboro.

AMONG THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,

August 16, 1901.

When awoke this morning were in sight of land—saw an active volcano way off in the

north—a cloud of smoke and vapor over the top of a high cone. Were all the forenoon near land, dodging about among small islands; but since noon have been in a clearer part—almost out of sight of land—have seen buildings and small villages along the shores. From here it doesn't look one bit bad.

MANILA, P. I.

ENGLISH HOTEL, August 18.

Buford arrived at Manila at noon yesterday. We did not get ashore until nearly 3 o'clock. Before leaving ship, I received a note from Captain Seccombe asking me to come to the *Arethusa*, now at Cavite just across Manila Bay. When I reached shore found Will Seccombe there to meet me. He took charge of King, Patterson and myself—got us placed in this hotel and acted as guide all the afternoon. Last night he staid with us and this morning returned to the *Arethusa*. To-morrow I am going to meet him in the city and go with him to Cavite. It seemed so good to see some one from home. Will has grown much and is a fine-looking fellow; and, as the other boys said this morning after I returned from seeing him off, is a very bright boy.

After going to the post-office for letters, we took a carriage, or rather two carriages, and went to the Palace or Government offices. These

“carromates” are cute little pony-carts for two, with driver in front and drawn by little native horses.

At the Palace we found that all the Commission except General Wright are away organizing the provinces, and will not return till the 27th; so we are to have this time in Manila. Shall be measured for a khaki suit to-morrow, and spend the time in exploring Manila and having as good a time as I can in a quiet way.

This afternoon went with Patterson to call on Mr. Stocking, the postmaster of Manila and one of the chief postal officials in the islands. We also met his wife, and four children whose ages ranged from about ten to twenty-three years—fine people whom Patterson used to know in New England. Haven’t got my trunk yet, but expect to to-morrow. We engineers do not pass through the custom house but enter without inspection. We are all surprised to find what important *gentry* we seem to be.

CAVITE, P. I., U. S. Steamship *Arethusa*,
August 22, 1901.

Have been assigned to a province—Ilocos Norte—in the northern part of the island of Luzon. I shall live at Laoag, the capital, when not on trips about the province. To-day I met a captain of the regular army who was stationed

there for a year, and he says it is the finest part of the islands. This must perhaps be taken with some salt, but without doubt the climate is fine—the people better than the Tagalos about Manila, and it is a mountainous region where water and therefore health should be good. My nearest engineer neighbor will be Shuman, who has Ilocos Sur. Patterson has part of the island of Leyte, and King has Bohol, where there is still fighting.

Have spent three nights on the *Arethusa*—going to the city each day. Capt. Seccombe and Will have made it very pleasant for me. To-day the *Thomas* came in and I got your letters of July 14 and 15—one from Miss Greenwood and one from Mary Seccombe. On the *Thomas* came five hundred and something school-teachers—among them Frances Buffington, whom I used to know at Cushing. Lots of friends out here; for all Americans are friends. Went to-day and presented George Morison's card of introduction to Colonel Russell—very pleasant gentleman—invited me to lunch with him to-morrow.

MANILA, P. I., August 26.

Went out Saturday night to the *Arethusa*. Sunday morning King and Patterson came out. We spent the day on board and in sailing about the bay in one of the ship's boats. Last night

we all slept on board—this morning said good-bye to the Seccombes and came ashore, prepared to go to our separate provinces. Have not been able to see Will Dunbar, as his company has moved. Had a pleasant time with my old Cushing friend, Miss Buffington—went out yesterday to take her to dine at The Oriental, but she had an engagement at some kind of teachers' reception—so that had to be left out. I start at six to-morrow for Laoag on the coast-wise steamer *Salidonia*.

LAOAG, ILOCOS NORTE.

September 4, 1901.

I am in Laoag at last, sitting at a desk in the postoffice and acting as postmaster. The postmaster is sick and McKinlay and I are running it for him until he gets well. Left Manila Tuesday morning—boat stopped at San Fernando and left Mr. Horton and his wife—Mr. Horton is supervisor of the province Union. The next stop was at Vigan, the capital of Ilocos Sur, where we left quite a party of those who came over on the *Buford*, consisting of Shuman, the Supervisor, three nurses, a quartermaster, and a clerk with his wife.

Thursday morning left Vigan on the Government launch *Bangor* for Curamao. On board were Lieutenant Cullen of the Third Cavalry and Mr. McKinlay, Superintendent of

Schools—both fine men. At Curamao could get no overland transportation; and it rained, and rained, and did the same some more. At last on Sunday it cleared. We got native ponies and started for Betac—road flooded some of the way but we got through—at Betac took dinner with Lieutenant Nicholson, in charge of the native troops there—the first good meal since leaving Vigan. Changed ponies and came to San Nicolas, just across the Laoag River. Here we had to stay over night, for the river was too high. Next morning, by wading a long distance to the boat, we reached Laoag.

September 5.

Have been taken into the officers' mess at headquarters, and have taken a room at the house of Mr. Edmonds, a school-teacher. He is an Englishman, about thirty-five years of age, who has been in the army, and is finely educated. Mr. McKinlay, the Superintendent of Schools, is also from the army, and an Englishman. He is a great enthusiast on language—speaks several native dialects. The Treasurer, Mr. Currie, is an American, about thirty-four years old—was second lieutenant of a volunteer regiment—seems a good business man and a very fine fellow. The Governor, Aguido Agbayani, is a native Filipino.

I arrived just in time for the celebration over

the incoming civil government on the new American plan. There was no very great crowd in attendance, for the traveling was very bad and the people seemed to care but little. They have uncovered to three flags within the past three years—Spanish, Filipino, and American; and it is something of an old story to them.

This is a hilly country, and but for the tropical vegetation might, as far as the landscape goes, be a part of New England. Roads seem fairly good, but bridges are poor or wanting. Brick and lime are native products; so these, with the harder woods, which will not be destroyed by the white ant, will probably be the material with which I must work most of the time when constructing buildings and bridges.

Sunday, September 8.

This is my first Sunday in Laoag. Mr. McKinlay, Mr. Edmonds, and myself drove down to the port of Laoag and took dinner. The two native ponies which were our means of locomotion refused to work at first—the driver would have to get out every few minutes, lead them into a trot and then jump in. I got sick of this and took a hand myself—soon got the team in hand and they went like lambs. I took the lines and whip, while the driver sat on his box and clucked and grunted—this we managed to stop after awhile and then got on nicely.

We visited three different villages, interviewed the schoolmasters, and inspected the school buildings. They were in a miserable condition. The old method has been to have a school with one man to teach. He had no pay from the town, but charged whatever he could get from the parents of the pupils, with the result that there would not be more than fifty children in school, where there should have been three hundred.

Monday, September 9.

This P.M. I made a drawing for a brick and stone vault, for the use of the Provincial Treasurer, in the safe keeping of public money and books. The brick will be made here and the limestone burned for cement. The iron door to make it fire-proof is to be the problem—but if I can find any old iron, think I can have it cast here. I have had the pigs cleared out of the streets of Laoag, and the ditches are being cleaned out. To-morrow evening the officers' mess, of which I am a member, give a dance. I must not miss any of the social affairs, if I am to know the people.

Day after to-morrow twelve teachers are to arrive here—three of them women. I am sorry for the women; for although this is not a bad place for a man, it is not an ideal place for a woman—she will have few companions and will

see things on the streets not in keeping with the standards of civilization. In the invitation to the dance to-morrow evening, it is specified that all girls must wear shoes and stockings. Men and women bathe together with very little if any attempt at covering—the children run the streets to the age of ten or so with little or no covering.

— September 12.

As I wrote before, I am very lucky to get this province—good climate—good people, as Filipinos go. I have for an assistant a young native who has assisted at engineering before—a very bright fellow, who speaks a little English. Sent him day before yesterday to see about a bridge at Badoc which needs repairs—he has arranged for work next week and then I shall go down to superintend—must ride to-morrow to Dingras to see about a bridge.

Had a fine time at the dance Tuesday evening, but a bamboo passageway out back gave way and fell fifteen feet. Several of the natives were hurt—one American fell, but he was so drunk that it didn't hurt him.

— September 15.

The twelve American teachers have arrived—three women and nine men—a pretty good lot on the whole, I think. We are trying to make them as comfortable as possible.

As I wrote you, when first I came, by invita-

tion I joined an army officers' mess, but word has come from Manila that any army officers who give commissary privileges to civilians will get themselves into trouble; so Currie, the Treasurer, and I have had to leave the mess. I have joined in with Edmonds and McKinlay—Currie prefers to go it alone.

This morning have been looking into the methods of the Presidente and other officers of Laoag—there seems to be systematic robbery of the poor people—shall try to have it stopped—will write about it when I know more.

September 19.

Have been out riding with Mr. Edmonds and one of the teachers. They were looking up the schools—found them in bad condition. Schools do not trouble me yet; for although I have been asked to serve on the Laoag school board I have not yet consented—may later—must run in the family.

During the past two or three days I have been trying to unearth the workings of the municipal governments—find that each town is divided into barrios and larger divisions called districts. Each barrio must send to the Presidente of the city, statedly, a certain number of chickens and eggs—a certain quantity of rice, and other supplies. There is an official called the headman over each district, who sees to the carrying out

of this demand. If any "rice-paddy *hombre*," as the poor native is contemptuously called, is out of the quota required of him, he is compelled to get it at whatever cost. For these supplies the poor people are generally paid something; but the price is at the caprice of the Presidente as to amount paid and time of payment. Here the richer people and officials, both native and American, get their supplies—rob the poor.

This system is a legacy of Spanish oppression, and has been perpetuated by native and American officials; and thus they have obtained their supplies for almost nothing. This market for the rich must be done away with. The Governor brought a bill into a meeting of the Provincial Board that prices should be regulated by law in the public markets, and be made about the same as those now paid in the presidencia. This would be virtual slavery and must not go on. It means a fight with the Governor, but Currie and I are together. Mr. Edmonds is a lawyer of ability—I shall seek his advice and not get into trouble.

September 25.

Have taken a thirty-mile ride to-day with my native draughtsman and engineer's assistant. Started at six o'clock this morning, and went to Bassaquin—bought eighty *cavans* of lime to be

delivered at Laoag before October 15—started to return at three o'clock—inspected a road about which there was a question—whether to use the old road three months longer, or tear up several valuable rice-fields to make a new road. Told them to fix up the old road a bit—wanted to save the natives the loss of their rice.

September 29.

The Province of Ilocos Norte is situated in the northwestern corner of Luzon, facing the China Sea. It is but a few degrees south of Honolulu—the climate is pleasant and healthy. It is a mountainous region—but for the tropical vegetation one might mistake a view from one of these hills for a bit of the wilder part of New England.

Laoag, the capital, has a population of thirty thousand—the third in size in the islands, and by many considered first in desirability as a place of residence. It has an advantage over the southern cities in the fact of its position in the extreme northern part of the group, and this combined with prevailing cool winds makes a climate very agreeable; and over other northern cities in that the elevation—four miles from the coast—gives good drainage, and also in the fact that the influence of Americans has been strongly felt—evidenced by clean streets, absence of domestic animals on the streets,

and a fine park of two acres in extent near the public buildings.

The people are of a copper color—a mixture of Malay, Chinese and often Spanish. They are good workers when shown how and inspired by the presence of a white man—also work well during the short time it is necessary to plant and later to harvest their rice, or whenever it behooves them to build or repair their bamboo shacks; but most of the time, having no incentive to work, they are sleepy and helpless beyond description.

The men do most of the heavy manual labor; but the women assist in the fields, carry water from the river, and perform other labors, from those of a laundress to those of a pack animal. When a man has anything to convey, he hitches a carabao bull to a queer little cart; but when a woman meets the same necessity, she simply raises the burden to her head and walks off—sometimes carrying in this way almost incredible burdens. This custom has caused the women to have an erect and self-reliant carriage, while the men have a more cringing, hat-in-hand sort of attitude. Many of the younger women are very good-looking—at a distance. They all smoke—frequently huge cigars that distort the mouth to a painful degree.

The usual dress of the man is trousers, shirt, and hat—the shirt worn Chinese fashion, out-

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side; and the hat, woven from some wood fiber, looks like the shell of half a squash. The woman wears no headgear except perhaps a handkerchief or the burden she happens to be carrying. She has a bit of a jacket about the waist—a cloth wrapped about the waist like a bath towel forms the skirt. Often a band of six or eight inches between the jacket and skirt remains uncovered. The skirt may have any length, but usually reaches the knee. This description refers, of course, to the dress of the working classes. The rich have very expensive costumes, worn upon social and state occasions.

— October 10.

Have been out with the Governor organizing civil governments in the different towns—have an election about every other day and keep other work along. Qualification for voting as follows: Must have taken oath of allegiance six months before election—be able to read English, Spanish, or Ilocano, or have property to the value of 500 *pesos* (\$250).

— October 13.

Will try to send photograph of myself and my boy. I have one now who takes care of my horse and clothes, for which I feed him, send him to school and pay him three *pesos* a month.*

* Mr. Edmonds, in a letter dated May 29, 1903, gives a touching incident. The boy, Luis, is presumably the one Denzil speaks of above. It is as follows: "To-

I shall go to the election at Bacarra to-morrow, look wise, eat the best in the land, and perhaps at night dance with a few of the best-looking Filipino girls.

October 13.

It would interest you and very likely amuse you to see one of our imposing *cavalcades en route* for the elections. I must describe one, and will take as a specimen the one at Batac last Tuesday.

The carriage came around to my door at five o'clock. Think of the carriage as a small edition of those the city fathers ride in during election processions in the States. It is drawn by four native ponies—two white—two black. The native driver is dressed in white, and there are three or four native outriders. At the house of the Governor we waited a few minutes. The Governor descended, and a dozen officials rushed to pay respects. The escort of a sergeant and six soldiers from the Third United States Cavalry arrived, and we started.

morrow is Decoration Day. We have been down and decorated the graves this afternoon. I want to tell you about Luis — Denzil may have mentioned him. He had not seen the grave before. I pointed it out to him, and then he knelt at the foot and prayed; and afterwards he decorated the grave himself with all the sweet aromatic flowers he thought best, and, as we were going away, he turned back and, taking off his hat, said with deep feeling, '*Adios, Señor Taylor.*'"

Now, if you please, stand with the rice-paddy slaves, *your fellow-American citizens*, at the side of the road, hat in hand, while the cavalcade passes.

First two American cavalymen in khaki uniform, broad-rimmed hat, cartridge belt containing 100 hundred rounds of ammunition, revolver, carbine in saddle holster, rain coat, cup, and rations for three days hung around any old way. Next comes the carriage containing the Governor of Ilocos Norte and yours respectfully, Supervisor of said province—next, five more American cavalymen, dressed as the others; while riding around, among and between, are six or seven natives in all sorts of uniform and anything for arms—rifle, revolver, shotgun or bolo—it doesn't matter. Following are two or three two-wheeled carts—the most uncomfortable possible—with clerks and other hangers-on.

This imposing array charges on at the rate of seven miles an hour for the first five miles. Here are mounted police from Batac, armed with and wearing—nothing in particular. These forge ahead, bearing American flags, and set the pace for the next five miles. At the gates of Batac the drums are beating, and all with hat in hand stand beside the way for the dignitaries to pass. Arriving at the Presidencia, the band is playing and a line of city

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fathers extends from each side of the door, waiting for the Provincial officials to enter. The official carriage stops—out steps the young American, dressed entirely in white, and waits hat in hand for the Governor. The Governor—a man of medium height—elderly—his kindly, intelligent face contrasting in its rich brown color with his abundant white hair, steps forth. The slight figure is clothed in a loose brown suit, and his brown helmet is in his hand. The two *dignified representatives* of the Provincial Government enter between the rows of bowing men, and are soon initiating the new American citizens into the mysteries of the ballot.

— October 25.

People are getting me to talk Spanish for them. Everybody says I am getting on wonderfully—it comes easily this way. The reason I never could learn a language at school was that it seemed so useless, and somehow I got the idea it was hard; but now that Spanish is necessary to me, it is just as easy to understand as any machine. Of course I do not talk the best of Spanish yet, but I make myself understood. This p. m. took a drive with Mr. Currie—stopped at the house of some teachers. They asked me to talk to the man who owns the house about rent—so you see my Spanish is of use to others.

My health is of the best and everything goes

finely. The weather now is cool—a brisk wind blowing from the northwest most of the time. This, they tell me, is to last for three months—couldn't ask for a better country or climate than this is now. Sure I should greatly enjoy getting home for a bit, but the time will pass swiftly.

Have had two elections this week and start to-morrow morning on the last trip—shall spend Sunday at Bangui, the most northern town of the province. —

October 31.

Have been over to San Nicolas, where an American school-teacher had persuaded the Presidente to take some natives from their work in their rice patches to build some school-houses for him. I stopped it—pitched into the school-teacher heavy—told him to wait till there was money to pay for building school-houses—I was mad. —

November 13.

Have this week been doing some of the work of the Provincial Treasurer in appointing assessors in the various towns—have been to Batac, Paoay, Piddig, Dingras, Solsona and Banna. Shall start north to-morrow—have men repairing five bridges—others making lime for brick work. As for myself am very well; haven't had a sick day since I reached the islands—am happy in the work, and should be happy all the time were it not for my wide separation from home.

I am not sure whether the new plan of civil government is to be a success or not. The old masters are against it, as it takes from them their power, and the people do not yet understand—hope they may soon. Many Americans give a very wrong impression of what is intended, and the natives are justified in sometimes asking wherein the American government is better than the Spanish. Formerly, if a Spaniard desired anything, the natives were obliged to give up whatever they might have—to work for nothing—to pay heavy taxes—in fine, to satisfy the demand of the Spaniard at any cost. So there was really no incentive for any one to be thrifty—he would only be plundered the more should he gain property.

How is it now under American rule? As a sample take the following; and remembering that it is only a sample of many such cases, try to realize what the natives must think.

A school-teacher, fresh from the States, evidently thought a native Presidente his servant, and ordered a pony. The Presidente had none, so sent a man out to get one. He took one without the knowledge of the owner. The teacher took the pony to another town—kept it three weeks; and, when transferred to another place, left the pony in the street—paid no one—did not return it to its town or even thank any one. At last the owner found the

pony and came to me and told the story. Not having the teacher to call to account, I pitched into the Presidente; but he claimed that he thought himself obliged to obey an American in his slightest wish.

I don't blame the native officials so much, for they don't understand yet. Forced, involuntary, unpaid labor and the yielding of everything to the rich and powerful has been the rule in the past; and it is hard to get into the Filipino head the idea of voluntary labor for a prearranged wage, or of individual rights in property. The Governor is a native Filipino; and, though he understands more than others, yet he is used to Spanish rule, and seems unable to comprehend why a man should be allowed to sell his fish or rice for the highest price he can get; or why a man who has caught a fish should be allowed to eat it, if he cares to, rather than be forced to give it up to some one more powerful.

These people have been terribly ground down, and it is hard for them to realize that we mean to treat them differently. As I have told the American teachers whom I have had to call down, my oath of office requires me to see the laws carried out and justice done; and it is a part of my business to make trouble for all law-breakers, whether native or American.

November 26.

I have now beside the pony I told you of a large American horse, bought the other day at a sale of cavalry horses. They are both fine saddle animals. Don't put too much of my letters into print, for I write as I would talk, in a disconnected way—I write for the Father and Mother to read.

I have such a fine town to live in and such quiet people to live among that I should be content, but I do feel lonesome at times. Laoag is pronounced Lā-worg—a very slight *r*—might be an Indian name, it is so liquid.

THANKSGIVING DAY, November 28.

How different to-day from a year ago. I am a bit homesick, but I would be anywhere away from home. This morning, at eight o'clock, went to church—had the regular Catholic High Mass. All the officials were there, in the order of their rank. I find myself the third man in the province—above me the Governor and Treasurer.

Mr. Edmonds and I were invited by Mr. Currie to dine with him. The wife of the Superintendent of Schools and one of the lady teachers were there, trying to cook on Mr. Currie's stove. They were persuaded to stay to dinner, and we five sat down to soup (canned)—chipped beef (canned), cooked with native vege-

tables—fried chicken—bread—butter (canned); coffee — cream (canned) — bananas — candy (canned). Later the ladies brought in pies and cake. How is that for a Filipino Thanks-giving dinner?

This afternoon went with the Provincial Secretary, a native Filipino, to his house, and his daughter played the piano for us. Later we (not the daughter) went driving together. Now I have just returned home and am writing in something of a rush, for there is to be a big dance later this evening.

12.30 Friday morning. Just home from the dance—had a fine time.

December 6.

It is so cool now that for the last few days I have been wearing a woolen suit. The wind blows and feels really like autumn. Last Saturday Mr. Edmonds and I rode to Solsona and back, a trip of about forty miles, on native ponies—pretty good little fellows they are to stand work like that.

By now you know something about Ilocos Norte and Laoag, but perhaps you have a wrong impression in regard to the latter. Laoag has, it is true, a population of over thirty thousand; but there is very little business and no means of transportation other than very clumsy bull-carts. People travel on foot, on

ponies, or in queer little two-wheeled pony-carts. The richer people dress well—even expensively; but all articles other than the very simplest are imported.

We are surely trying to give the people a better government than they have had, and a few are beginning to understand; but the progress is very slow. Am getting on finely with the Spanish and am picking up a bit of the Ilocano.

December 12.

This evening took a pony ride with one of the lady teachers—Miss Blandin—a New Hampshire girl from Bethlehem—had a fine ride down to the sea-shore. Have four horses just at present—had one more, but sold it to Mr. Edmonds for just what it cost me—should have got more if I had sold to a stranger.

My salary is paid in gold, or, for what I want to use here, in Mexican currency in the ratio of two dollars Mexican for one dollar American. However, the term *gold* is a misnomer—a name which means American currency. Any real gold that ever gets here is at once manufactured into jewelry.

You ask how we live. Well, we have to depend a good deal on canned goods. Our cook goes every morning down to the public market and buys chickens, fish, eggs, vegetables, etc. Of course it would seem good to eat a meal in

“God’s country”; but, on the whole, we are pretty well fed. I rather like rice, and that is the staple of the natives. To-night for supper we had roast chicken, chicken stew with squash and rice, bread and canned butter, coffee and canned cream, scrambled eggs and canned sweets—not really bad.

December 20.

The authorities down at Manila have organized a Provincial Board of Health for each province—to be composed of an M. D., some other chap who knows a bit of medicine, and the Provincial Supervisor, who is the Sanitary Engineer of the Board. So up to date I am Provincial Supervisor, member of the Provincial Board, member of the Board of Health, and member of the Laoag School Board. What next?

The Inspector of Customs for three or four provinces took a party on a little excursion up the coast in his launch—Currie, three officers of the cavalry, five school-teachers and myself. Had a fine day and a good time, though some of the party were sick. I was lucky and not sick. We went ashore near the lighthouse and had lunch.

This week have had a little trouble in the Provincial Board. A question came before us in reference to the legal eligibility of the one

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who had the largest number of votes for the office of Presidente of Laoag. The Governor had old scores to pay the Presidente-elect, and tried to throw him out. Currie and I could not agree and quietly but firmly turned the Governor down. When we assert ourselves, which we do not unless necessary, we rule the province.

— January 2, 1902.

I wish you a happy New Year. Yesterday, New Year's Day, was a feast day here. The children went from house to house, singing and giving little plays—the furniture and background for which was easily carried from place to place. Can you think of a Christmas and New Year's holiday having weather like August or early September with you?

It is the harvest time with us. All the able-bodied men, women and children are in the fields gathering the rice. All is done by hand—each head taken separately—not cut close to the ground, but with six or eight inches of straw with the head. Little bundles are bound up of the size that a person can hold in one hand—six of these being bound into a larger bundle. The unthreshed rice takes the place of oats. I feed my horses from four to six of these smaller bundles a day, together with grass. When rice is desired for food, the women thresh it bunch by bunch—afterwards they pound the grains in

the hollow end of a short block until the shell or hull is separated from the kernel. Boiled rice, the chief food of the natives, is eaten with the fingers, without dressing or relish of any sort unless, perhaps, on a feast-day, or by some special good fortune a chicken is added to the larder.

In the houses of the working natives there are no chairs—perhaps a bench or two—possibly a picture of some saint or church dignitary—two or three mats of grass for beds—a few pillows of tree cotton and several bright colored cotton blankets woven in the native loom, which stands either in the main living-room or outside under the broad eaves of the house.

The house itself is usually of bamboo, set on posts from four to ten feet high. The joints are loose, so that an earthquake simply rocks it but seldom throws it down. Underneath is the place for general storage. The living-rooms are reached by a bamboo ladder with handrails, making a good stairway. The windows in these bamboo “shacks” are simply square holes, covered when necessary by a grass mat. The cooking is generally done in a separate building a few feet away—connected with the main house by an elevated platform.

January 10.

Please send me wall maps of the United States, of the World, and of the Philippines. The Provincial Fiscal has been very kind to me, and has given me a fine cane with a boar's tusk head. I want to return the favor by giving him these maps.

The fight over the enforced sale of supplies at the Presidencia, and over enforced, unpaid labor has been won, and the people who understand these things begin to look upon me as their friend. Even some of the army officers, though put to some inconvenience by the abolition of the system of slavery which they had instituted, admit, when pressed for an honest opinion, that the change is for the good of the people. The natives talk to me in a way that they will not talk to most of the Americans—tell me things that perhaps another would not find out without much difficulty.

January 17, 1902.

Except that I am away from the dear ones at home, I surely do not wish that I had remained in New England. Here I have a free outdoor life, with enough but not too much to do—interesting problems to solve, and withal am able to feel that I am of some use in the world, and that I have at least got a start toward making a success.

I will answer some of your questions.

Laoag has no port. Steamers anchor off the mouth of the river, when the sea is smooth, and discharge by lighters mail, passengers and some freight. Curramao is the port of the province, but there are times when boats cannot land even there.

There is no road over the mountains to the provinces east of us—only two or three trails that a sure-footed pony can pass over.

The Ilocanos live near the rivers, where water can be obtained for the rice-fields. There are fifteen towns in the province, which include all the land back to and into the second range.

Back of this the Iggerrotes wander, have villages, and do as they please. No one ever troubles them and they very seldom trouble any one.

The Negritos are a southern race—we have none of them here.

An average adult male Ilocano is five feet five inches high and weighs one hundred twenty pounds—has straight black hair, black eyes, dark-yellowish brown skin. If of the working class, he wears a dome-shaped hat made of a pumpkin shell or of woven wood splints—a loose shirt worn outside—tight-legged trousers, usually rolled up to the knees, and at his belt a working bolo—a short, heavy knife with square end—blade six or eight inches long by three

wide. This is used for everything, from making a toothpick to felling a tree. It is the one thing without which an Ilocano can do nothing. The native seems a good worker in his rice patch, but at other employments he is unskilled, and is of course generally indolent, as are all tropical people.

The Ilocano is looked upon by the other races as the down-east Yankee—the money-catcher. Most live in towns or small villages, though there are scattered houses. The land is largely owned by the people in small plots, but some is owned in large tracts and is farmed on shares. Principal food rice and chickens. Only a few of the better class seem anxious to improve. The more Chinese blood an Ilocano has, the more eager is he to learn new and better ways.

The rice is planted in August and is ready to be cut in December or January. If the land can be irrigated, corn or sugar-cane is often planted after the rice. On land not wet enough for rice is grown tobacco and cotton.

The largest wild animals are the wild carabao and the deer. There are monkeys about two feet high. No animal is considered dangerous, though it might not be well to meddle with a carabao at close quarters. There are very few snakes of any kind—have never heard of anybody being harmed by one.

The trees are palm, banana, cocoanut, mangrove, nipa and many other kinds that I do not know yet. Very beautiful woods are used for houses and furniture. There are many flowers, though mostly small—the sweet-pea grows wild along the roadside—all others are strangers.

A sort of potato is raised—very good—just being brought into market. No grain, except rice and Indian corn.

January 30.

Have been general utility man this week. As Supervisor of Ilocos Norte have had masons and carpenters repairing the Government Building—as member of the Laoag School Board have had repairs on the school-houses in progress—as member of the Provincial Board of Health am superintending the building of public water-closets. Besides these I have been getting up plans for different city buildings out of pure kindness, with the knowledge and belief that I am not more than half earning my salary at present, though I expect a good time is coming when we get a bit more money.

Everything is going well. I am in fine health and am looking forward to next September, when the weather will be right for you to visit me here. You can stay as long as you are contented, and then return the other way—making the trip around the world.

The books you sent for Christmas and New Year are very interesting, and are being read by the entire American colony. The Springfield *Republican* I enjoy very much. Mr. Edmonds says it is the best American paper he has ever read—of course he thinks there is nothing quite up to the English papers. We have great sport joking each other on the wit of the two countries. He contends that the English are not deficient in the quality of humor, and I concede this much to him: that he can *sometimes* see the point of a joke.

Mr. Edmonds is a fine man, having the best education England can give. He is a lawyer and is much interested in the working classes. He came from England to the States—taught school in Georgia for awhile, and then enlisted in the army and came to the Philippines.

Never have had trouble with the Governor. We think differently at times, but have no quarrels over our differences of opinion. My native assistant is one of the brightest young fellows I have met on the islands.

My only pony at present I call Baby—he is such a little fellow—his shoulders coming only halfway between my belt and arm-pit, but he is the best pony I have seen—has a fast canter—will carry me forty miles a day and come in on a trot.

The natives are fairly honest—do not steal when you are properly careful not to tempt them.

February 6.

The city of Laoag is preparing for a grand feast next week at which I shall try to enjoy myself. This is the annual feast of the patron saint. A theater has been built in the park—there is to be dancing, games, horse-racing, etc. The people, during the past month, have been able to do nothing except prepare for the feast. All important buildings have been repainted—fences have been rebuilt and the yearly cleaning done.

February 13.

I have been running a level for the San Nicolas irrigating canal. My instruments are not the best—only a carpenter's level set upon a home-made tripod. Timber is being cut for ferry-boats and cable towers, but the work goes slowly.

I might get more done by hustling the officials and forcing unpaid labor from the people; but when I first came I shut down on forced labor, so far as I could prevent it. It seems to me far better to give a good government to a contented people, even if the improvements come somewhat slowly. I have been rewarded for my efforts for the rights of the people by many expressions of thanks. Only yesterday, in a barrio of San Miguel, an old native told me times were much better than they used to be—

no forced labor and good prices for their products, which formerly they were obliged to sell to the rich for almost nothing.

February 20.

Last Tuesday night Miss Blandin, a teacher from New Hampshire, and I rode over to San Nicolas, and took dinner with some Americans living there. Two young natives started from here to-day for America to enter the Leland Stanford University. They are bright boys, sons of the Provincial Secretary.

This is the cool time of the year, and even the middle of the day is not very hot. Can put in a good day's work now. The nights are cold. The thermometer does not go lower than about 50°, but that is such a change from the usual 90° that one feels it.

February 27.

Everything moves very slowly here, but I do not fret over it; or at least I try not to fret, and I think I succeed fairly well. I reason that it is better, even if to do it we have to go slowly, to teach customs which we are wont to value, such as personal rights and rights to property—better to have the public works get on somewhat slowly rather than to inflict the injustice of slavery upon the poor people, and thus arouse a feeling of discontent under the American government.

Have again been running the level of the San Nicolas canal. With my improvised level, that I told you about, I made a circuit of five miles and came out within eight inches. How is that for good work under difficulties?

March 27.

The magazine you sent me containing the article on primitive methods of making fire is at hand. I made a try with two sticks; but, up to the present, have been able only to blacken the end of one. I asked a native carpenter working on the ferry-boat to start a fire. He took two pieces of bamboo, and after preparing his apparatus in about half a minute had the fire burning. The art seems generally known here.

This is Holy Week. This evening the people turned out in force to march the street after the holy wax figures—burn candles—cover their clothes with wax, and chant dismal dirges. Rather a pretty sight, but where the religion came in I could hardly see. The church has great power, and yet some of the people are losing their absolute dependence upon it. To-night, when the procession started, the Padre gave a candle to the Presidente, but to none of the council; whereat all left the ranks, and I hear that to-morrow the band of the town will not play for the church, as has been the custom, unless the Padre will pay.

April 4.

I am now living with Mr. Currie. We have a fine little house and shall get on nicely. I had no trouble with Mr. Edmonds. We are the best of friends, but he wanted a class in his house during the three months' vacation now on, and Mr. Currie has wanted me to live with him ever since I struck the province.

April 24.

Have at last got money for roads and have a hundred men at work in Bacarra. Was up there Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday; but came down to-day to a meeting of the Provincial Board—shall go back to-morrow—have a cook there and sleep in the Presidencia. All is going well. The strenuous life you speak of I am surely living now. The natives cannot begin to keep up with me. The enervation of the tropical climate is not getting into my blood. Please don't fear that I cannot make a living after I return home.

May 1.

Last evening a hind-quarter of a deer was brought in to Mr. Currie and me; and, as our cook has been sent away in disgrace, I am cooking the steak and find I am not the worst cook in the world.

A case has just been before the Provincial Board in which the accused took a novel line of

defense. A Councillor from San Nicolas was brought before us on a charge of illegality in the matter of enforced labor and unpaid supplies. He placed men in the witness box who testified that they had never worked for him or furnished supplies to him without pay. They did not pretend to know whether others had or not. The other side had some fifty men who testified that they had been forced to work for his private benefit for nothing, and had been obliged to furnish him chickens and other products for nothing. Of course there was no question as to which side had the case. The Councillor is suspended from office, and a recommendation sent to Manila for his removal from office.

There are many other similar cases in various towns, but it is only necessary for the people to assert their rights.

It is very hot now, but I stand it first rate. You know extreme heat never did trouble me much. Do you remember how you used to worry lest the heat should be too great for me, when I worked in the hay-field for Mr. Adams?

May 12.

I have a few words to say about teachers. Of course there are many good and faithful ones to whom nothing but praise should be given; but, of the majority, at least as far as this province is concerned, this must be said:

Never before have such a number of incapables and cranks been deported from any country as were sent here as teachers. They are here simply for what they can get out of it—have neither principles nor morals. They domineer over and oppress the natives. Three in the province—two of them Harvard graduates—we have been obliged to take guns from, as being unfit to use firearms. They would enter towns in the dead of night, and fire right and left to frighten the natives.

— May 15.

Last Tuesday Mr. Edmonds and I went to Bangui over the mountains—found an interesting country new to both of us. There was only a trail passable for a pony—took a guide from one barrio to another. I let contract for repairs on seven or eight bridges—came back by the road that follows the coast.

— We insert here a letter from Mr. Edmonds, written to Bessie Seccombe just a year later. Bessie had written to Mr. Edmonds, thanking him for what he did for Denzil in his last sickness, and received a letter of which the following is an extract:

It is just a year ago now that, having stayed at a town named Vintar over night, Denzil and

I set off just at daylight to find a mountain trail to the most northern town on the island. The road is forty-two miles by the coast, and we had heard of a shorter trail.

We had a glorious day—followed the rocky bed of a river up and up among the wild mountains—shot a few ducks and other birds with our rifles, and at midday rested at the spot where I am now writing. It is one of the upper valleys. In front of me is a beautiful waterfall, all its sides covered with lovely maiden-hair fern, on which one has to tread ruthlessly to approach it.

We rested our horses here. The valley was deserted; but terraces of rice plats rising one above another showed that once it had been inhabited. We both wished we could live in such a paradise, and we talked of trying to buy the valley and of building a house here.

Since then Denzil has gone through the valley of death and I am left behind here. A friend of his and mine, who, too, is a just and thorough man, has come up to spend part of his vacation here. I bought the valley and got some men living about eight miles away to come and build me a house.

So the days of summer are passing within sound of the waterfall, and often thoughts of him and his come to my mind, and to-day—the first day I have sat down to writing letters (other

—
than domestic), I have picked out yours as first to be answered, because I know it would please him to know I am not negligent of those he loved so dearly and faithfully at home.

— May 25.

Am hurrying up the work on the ferry-boats and roads—to-morrow shall go to Bacarra with an army-wagon loaded with a large cable for the Bacarra River—Tuesday go to Dingras, and Thursday back to put up the cable. I have to furnish the motive power for all the work in my department, for the natives do nothing unless pushed.

The last mail brought two letters from you—letters and magazines from Mabel Doyen; also the cake from Mary Seecombe. I have written to Mary and tried to tell her how much good it did us. It lasted two or three days, but is all gone now—don't see how you expected me to keep it. Of course all my friends had to sample it and praise it.

— June 2.

With luck the second ferry-boat will be in the water this week. Several, both natives and Americans, have complimented me on the fact that the one already in really floats—drawing only about six inches of water. Somehow they had got it into their heads that, because they were made of heavy wood, they would sink.

The Governor told me he had not expected them to float at all. A month ago an American school-teacher took it upon himself to come to me and warn me that these boats were too heavy and could not float, and that my professional reputation would be ruined. I thanked him for his kindness and asked him to wait developments.

Last week I visited Dingras, Banna, Solsona and Piddig. To-morrow shall start north again on business connected with the land assessment. This is not really my work, but I am glad to do anything to help. You ask what I get for my work on the San Nicolas canal. Nothing. True, it is a private enterprise, for which I am not under obligation to care; but I am glad to do anything for the good of the province and its people.

Sunday I rode my new American horse for the first time—he is a fine animal. I could have my transportation paid by the province, but I prefer to pay for and own my own horses. I have really developed into a horseman in a small way, and when you come out will have a team rigged and a carriage for you to ride in. Remember, we are to have our Thanksgiving dinner here together next November.

June 16.

A troop of the Third U. S. Cavalry attempted to ford the river when high and five soldiers

—
were drowned. Very sad—fault of some officer in not taking proper precautions—after this everything will cross on my ferry. Have been away several days on some of Mr. Currie's work in connection with the land tax. Mr. Currie is not very well and I am glad to help out.

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June 23.

Have been working all my spare time on my property return for the past three months. All official supplies for the province are placed under my charge, and I am required to keep trace of them. All property given out is receipted for by the official receiving it. If expendable, for example, as pens, ink, paper, that is the end of it; but such things as chairs, tables, lamps, etc., which are not expendable, I let out on a memorandum receipt, but carry them on account all the time. Any damage above ordinary wear is charged to the official from whom I hold the receipt. You see there is work in it.

Last week a grand plot came to light in Badoc. It was reported that a band of conspirators had formed a plot to burn the principal buildings and kill the officials. The Governor went down to investigate, and to-day the witnesses came before the Provincial Board.

A native Lieutenant of Police testified under oath that, having been notified that a secret meeting was to be held in a house outside the

town, he went there, crawled under, and heard a certain man take an oath to kill certain head men of the town. He told his story very glibly. After it was over we told him it was a very pretty story, but we didn't believe a word of it, and said that now we would like to hear the *truth*. He came right down and acknowledged that the whole thing was a lie, which the Presidente had directed him to tell. One by one the witnesses (five in all) came in; and, after telling the cooked story, came out with the truth. All gotten up by the Presidente and his friends to get rid of an important man in the town, but of a clan not now in power. The Presidente and a brother-in-law are now under arrest, and the Judge is likely to give them the limit.

These people, and for that matter the Spaniards, seem to have no idea of any obligation to tell the truth, even under oath. Some of them may get a few years at Bilibib for perjury, and the fear of the Lord may enter the hearts of a few of the others.

Most of the Presidentes and Municipal Treasurers in the Province could be convicted of robbery. We had them in here last week, and explained that a charge for oil, stationery or other supplies should mean that the money really went for that purpose. It is so common for officials to draw up false accounts, and col-

lect money on false receipts. What can you do with such men except to fill the jails, and hope the others may be scared into being honest *some* of the time? You may print this if you care to, just to let "God's People" know what they are wasting their sympathy on.

I don't seem to love my little brown brother quite so well to-night.

This scathing language in regard to the intrigues and corruptions of the "Principales," as they are called, is in striking contrast to the almost uniformly kind tone which Denzil uses when speaking of the poorer class. He only blames them for their indolence and inertness, and sometimes finds excuses for even that. We close the extracts from his letters by selections from two. The first of these shows in strong colors this prevailing inertness of the natives; in the other he shows a somewhat sympathetic attitude, as he compares their *dolce-far-niente* existence with that which it may become should the American spirit of hustle and greed get full possession.

May 31.

The working native is very industrious when preparing his shack or his food; but when these wants are supplied, he is the laziest being that it has ever been my misfortune to deal with. A roof to protect from sun and rain—a little rice

—a few chickens—and, if lucky in family connections, a pig and carabao—a few very simple clothes, always clean, and his earthly desires are satisfied. Having these *luxuries* money cannot tempt him to exert himself more.

A few months since, having occasion to repair a road, I asked for laborers at twenty-five cents Mexican per day—an increase of fifty per cent over anything ever paid before. After much trouble to explain to them that they were to be paid, and that they were in no way obliged to work if not caring to, I secured about one hundred and fifty men. The number was kept nearly full by recruits, though but one man worked throughout the week.

They were paid off according to agreement. At the beginning of the next week I explained that thereafter they would be paid every two weeks instead of every week. This I am sure they fully understood. At the end of the week seventy-five were at work. On Saturday night they asked for pay—I reminded them of the two-weeks agreement. On Monday morning they all struck and sent a committee with their grievances. This is surprisingly American. With difficulty about fifty were persuaded to return to work. As the work lasted five or six weeks, most of these gradually got too rich for labor, and at the end only twenty remained.

Denzil often expressed the thought in his letters that the greatest drawback to the progress of the islands in order and civilization was the character of the greater part of the Americans who were there. In a letter to Mrs. Greenwood he expresses himself very freely on this point, and at the same time expresses a sympathy for "the little brown brother" and the determination to do what he could to uplift him.

He says: The United States has bitten off a very large mouthful. While a good government can be and is being established, the Americans must control it for years before the people can be educated to the extent of self-government. However, in regard to government, who are we to insist that we are all-wise in this regard.

As to morals and right living, what sort of an example are many of our soldiers, our officers, our officials and even our school-teachers setting to the to-be-uplifted brother? Many a man, when he leaves America, seems to leave behind all ideas of right living—anything and everything is allowable.

The natives are catching on, and will soon become a very cheap imitation of Americans—but to what end? Are they to be more happy? They have been freed from the oppression of the Church, and what is before them? Are they to become the slaves of American enterprise? This is the paradise of the capitalist, where labor

has no power to strike back. The country is undeveloped. Americans are to furnish the capital and the brains. The Filipino laborer, instead of working, as at present, a little while in the morning and a little while at night and sleeping the rest of the day and sometimes all day, is to rise at the sound of a whistle, labor under the eye of an overseer, receive wages which will not keep his family properly clothed and fed, and, having faithfully worked his useful years out, is to be cast aside like an old machine.

This is what civilization means to the laborer. Granted that a life of activity is best for some people in some climates, does the strength of civilization prove that for other peoples—in other climates—under other conditions, a life of ease and sleep is not a happy life? And what is there beyond happiness?

THE GOLDEN GATE



THE GOLDEN GATE

Extract from DENZIL's letter of July 4, 1901:

San Francisco, as you know, is situated on the southwestern side of a small inland sea or bay, whose only connection with the ocean is a narrow strait called the Golden Gate.

This name, taken I know not from whence, has a romantic sound and might easily have been coined from the sunsets seen through it, from the region of gold to which it gives entrance, or from the gold-brown color of the hills on either side.

Our boy had been gone but a short time when we began to talk about his home-coming, and to plan many things that we hoped to do when that time should come. Among the plans of which we often talked was this: That we would cross the continent to San Francisco and there wait the coming of the ship on which he should sail—would perhaps be able to wave him a greeting as he should enter through the Golden Gate, and would surely meet him at his landing on his native shores.

THE GOLDEN GATE

Through California's Golden Gate
He sailed far out to distant lands,
And we were left to watch and wait;
To wait and watch—and still our hands
And thoughts were busy for our boy,
For through the mist of gathering tears
There shone the radiant bow of joy:
“Some fleeting months, a few short years,
And we again his face shall see,
Again his eager step shall hear.”

So sang our hearts, and often we
Would count the weeks, the months, each
year
Till Denzil should come home again.
And oft we talked and sometimes planned
Of that glad time; and that we then
Would cross to far Pacific's strand,
And there his homeward bark would wait
And greet him at the Golden Gate.

’Twas thus we let our fancy play
The while our hearts with hopes beat high.
And then there came that August day,
When blinding tears hid earth and sky.

THE GOLDEN GATE

No more, no more, alas! no more,
The radiant vision comes to bless;
Our hopes are crushed, our hearts are sore,
And bitter is the loneliness.

But there's another Golden Gate
Beyond the western sea of life,
Where pilgrim barks or soon or late
Shall enter, freed from storm and strife.
And now that western sea we sail;
And while the length'ning shadows grow,
And while life's sun doth sink and pale,
We catch within the sunset's glow
Bright glimpses of the radiant strand,
On which our boy will watch and wait;
With eager face and beckoning hand,
To greet us at Life's Golden Gate.







